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# ILLUSTRATIONS.

*Colonel William B. Robertson.*
*Lieutenant Colonel Frank L. Knight.*
*Fredericksburg.*
*Adjutant Thomas F. G. Cooper.*
*Marye's Heights.*
*Lieutenant J. O. Crowell.*
*Captain John T. Garwood.*
*Lieutenant Alexander Robeson.*
*Hudson Davis.*
*Lieutenant John M. Fogg.*
*Isaac Sheets, Pioneer.*
*Lieutenant William N. Hancock.*
*Captain Howard Bassett.*
*Chancellor House.*
*Chaplain Rev. W. C. Stockton.*
*Mary Washington Monument.*
*Stratton House.*
*Sunken Road.*
*Entrance National Cemetery.*
*Interior Vew National Cemetery.*
*Mary Washington House.*
*The Author.*

THE AUTHOR.
From a daguerreotype taken in 1862.

# 'AWHILE WITH THE BLUE'

OR

## MEMORIES OF WAR DAYS.

## THE TRUE STORY OF A PRIVATE.

BY BENJAMIN BORTON.

*PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.*

PASSAIC, N. J.
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# INTRODUCTION.

If the experiences of all the men who participated in the late Rebellion could be written, no two of them would be precisely alike. No sooner had many of the volunteers reached the seat of war when they fell sick and died or were sent back to the hospitals, where, by reason of permanent disabilities, they were discharged from the service. Some were so desperately wounded in their first battle that they never rejoined their regiment. The more fortunate soldiers who escaped the dangers of scores of battles and skirmishes, and endured the hardships and privations of active campaigning from the commencement to the close of the conflict, saw more of the stern realities of war than those who staid in the field but a short period.

Short was the author's experience in military life, and consequently he saw comparatively little to relate. But that little is given to all who will take the time to

peruse these pages. It is perfectly safe to say that there were many more thrilling incidents and marvelous escapes among the members of my regiment during our sojourn in Dixie, but having no knowledge of their occurrence I must leave them for others to tell.

The photographic illustrations comprise portraits of some of the persons and historic spots mentioned in my narrative.

B. B.

## Chapter I.

SO many years have elapsed since the close of the War of the Rebellion, that the still-surviving participants in that prolonged conflict can hardly reconcile themselves to the fact that the generation of full grown, able bodied young men of today have not only no personal recollection of those stirring times, but were then unborn. The pages of popular history contain graphic descriptions of all the important events connected with the long and sanguinary struggle, but of the histories within a history—I mean the individual experiences of all the actors—the world will never know. These personal experiences —some long, some short—extended

through a space of years, beginning from the time of President Lincoln's first call for seventy-five thousand volunteers a few days after the surrender of Fort Sumpter, until the last battle had been fought and every soldier had left the field, turned in his gun and gone home.

> There to tell and tell again the story he
> oft has told,
> Of the field and camp and marching men,
> Through the years while growing old.

At the close of a cloudy October day in the Fall of 1861, I saw the Ninth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, march off a steamer at Washington Street wharf in Philadelphia, on its way to the seat of war. The men were hardy looking fellows, capable of performing arduous duties. But a great many of the volunteers at that period of the Rebellion regarded the deadly work before them to be little more than a grand

military picnic. By formidable numbers they anticipated enjoying the pleasure of seeing the Rebels awed into submission, then, that accomplished, begin their homeward march.

In reply to a question I put to a tall, handsome looking soldier guarding one of the army wagons on the wharf, in a tone of perfect assurance, he said: "I expect to eat my next Christmas dinner at home."

Christmas came; Winter passed, then Spring, then Summer, and still the war continued. I have often since wondered whether that too hopeful guard ever returned home to partake of his coveted Christmas dinner.

One Summer afternoon, while standing at the foot of Market Street, in the same city, I noticed a couple of soldiers coming down to the Ferry. Before crossing Delaware Avenue, they halted at the corner,

leaned their muskets against the building, flung off their knapsacks and sat down for a brief rest. Their browned faces and soiled uniforms showed they were from the front, and I watched them with unusual interest.

"Jim, got any more of that tobacco about you?" asked one of the other.

"Yes, help yourself," answered his companion as he handed out a huge plug of the weed.

"Jim, that's tip-top stuff, I tell you. Where did you get it?"

"From the pocket of that dead man at Malvern Hill," answered Jim.

The clang of the steamboat bell stopped further conversation, and, as the two men hurried across the Avenue and disappeared from view in the ferry house, in fancy I looked far away Southward—somewhere—upon their unfortunate comrade lying

dead at Malvern Hill. The Union army having sustained severe losses in the "Seven Days" battle at Malvern Hill under General McClellan, President Lincoln issued a call for three hundred thousand more volunteers. The war had then been going on over a year. I was not twenty-one years of age, but resolved to enlist and take a hand in the contest for the preservation of the Union.

So bidding loved ones good-bye, I set out for the nearest recruiting station, some twelve miles or more from home. On the way I joined company with a young man traveling to the same town for the same purpose—to enlist. Our conversation, of course, was upon the object of our journey and I never forgot the remark my friend made on the way.

"Ben," he said, "I want to be a Captain of a Company and help to garrison a fort

where there will be no fighting; but I cannot get a captain's commission until after I enlist."

We enlisted. But my companion's expectations were not realized, for he was kept in the ranks and assigned to more active duty than lounging in an isolated fort. Recruits came in rapidly, and in a few days two hundred men had signed their names to the muster-roll.

One pleasant August morning in the Summer of 1862, the two hundred volunteers for the Union army formed in line, in front of the Court House, in the busy city of Salem, New Jersey. From there by an escort of home guards, with a band of music, we marched down Broadway to the steamboat landing, and on board the Major Reybold. The wharf was crowded with men, women and children, who had

followed us from the Court House to bid the departing ones a last good-bye.

When the steamer moved away from the landing, the writer silently and with somewhat lonesome feelings, listened to the farewell words and saw the handkerchiefs waving on the receding shore, knowing that none of those well-wishing salutes were for him, because to every person on that crowded wharf, and to every man on that crowded steamer save a slight acquaintance with one of the volunteers, he was an entire stranger. It is not at all unlikely that many of the women who saw their husbands or lovers start away that beautiful Summer morning, retraced their steps homeward with tear-dimmed eyes and hearts saddened by a feeling that the husband or lover might never return, and to some those fears were realized. The loved one lies buried somewhere in the South

among the many thousands marked "Unknown."

On our way up the river another Company of recruits was taken on board at Pennsgrove. Reaching Philadelphia, we were transferred to the steamer Edwin Forrest, which conveyed us up to the grand camping-ground at Beverly, on the Delaware, where using stones and blocks of wood for pillows, we spent our first night from home on the bare floors of an abandoned factory, and where for the first time we missed the soft bed and comfortable surroundings of the homes left behind us.

On September 16th, the Regiment to which I was attached, the Twenty-fourth New Jersey Volunteers, having a full complement of men—thirty-nine officers, and nine-hundred and forty-six non-commissioned officers and privates, (nine hundred and eighty-five in all,) was regularly

COLONEL WILLIAM B. ROBERTSON.
(From a photograph taken during the War.)

mustered into the United States service, by Captain William Royal, of the Fifth Cavalry, United States Army. The field and staff officers were: Colonel, William B. Robertson; Lieut. Col., Franklin L. Knight; Major, Joel A. Fithian; Adjutant, Thomas F. G. Cooper; Quartermaster, Samuel R. Fithian; Surgeon, W. L. Newell, M. D.; Assistant Surgeons, Drs. Alban Williams and Thomas G. Ronand; Chaplain, Rev. W. C. Stockton.

## Chapter II.

AFTER thirty days of exciting camp life at the Beverly rendezvous, known as Camp Cadwallader, where for a time three thousand troops were quartered, our regiment was equipped with Belgian rifles and other accoutrements and ordered to Washington. Arriving at Philadelphia by steamer, we marched across the same wharf where I looked on at the Ninth Regiment ten months before. Stopping at the Union Refreshment Saloon at the foot of Washington Street, we all partook of a bounteous dinner provided by the committee. The Refreshment Saloon was the first of its kind in the United States, having been organized May 27th, 1861. Hundreds of thousands of enlisted men were entertained

here on their way to and from the seat of war.

Here many a volunteer spoke his last farewell to his friends and loved ones who never saw his face again. Crowding into a long train of freight cars out at the depot, the regiment started southwards. Although thousands after thousands of soldiers had passed over the same road before us, the citizens living along the route had not become the least bit weary of manifesting their loyalty to the Boys in Blue. From the windows and front yards of farm houses, in the streets of the towns through which we passed, the lookers-on, with handkerchiefs, flags and hats, waved us a friendly good-bye, and now and then a salutation from a crowd of watchers would be answed by a volley of rousing cheers from the merry soldiers on board the rapidly speeding train. Their enthusiasm was

great. Some one in the car commences a war song, and a score of voices join in. It was a familiar melody in every Northern camp. I have forgotten every word except the chorus:

"Oh, we belong to the zoo, zoo, zoos;
Don't you think we oughter?
We're going down to Washing-town
To fight for Abraham's daughter."

When night obscured the landscape and only the flickering lights in the country houses and towns could be seen, our thoughts dropped into a more sober channel, and we talked and speculated upon the prospect before us. Arriving at Baltimore near midnight, the regiment left the train, and after a short march through some of the dark and deserted streets, bivouacked undisturbed upon the pavement, in Eutaw street. The mob element, against which the Sixth Massachusetts regiment had to

LIEUT. COLONEL FRANKLIN L. KNIGHT

contend and fight its passage through the city a year before, was no longer exhibited. It fell to my lot that night to be one of the number detailed for guard duty, but I had little else to do than stand at a street corner with my bayoneted musket watching the movements of an occasional passing soldier or citizen, until relieved by a new detail at four o'clock. Then, joining my comrades stretched upon the pavement, I was soon sleeping as soundly as the rest.

After lounging an entire day about the depot, in Baltimore, at dark we again scrambled into a train of box cars and resumed the journey to the Capital, reaching our destination at daybreak. As some of us gazed for the first time in our lives upon the city of Washington, the impression was not awe-inspiring. There, too, for the first time, we began to realize something of the magnitude of the preparations in

progress for the prosecuting of the great conflict in which the country had become involved. Long trains of army wagons were leaving the city with supplies or coming in for more; cavalry encampments, batteries of artillery—in fact, all the panoply of war, in panorama around us. From the steps of the Capitol building a number of battle-scarred soldiers with bandaged heads and arms watched us march by. No cheers. On a near-by common, then called East Capital Hill, the regiment encamped, and a few days afterward some of our number fell sick and died.

From here we were sent to assist in guarding the defences of the city. A march of five miles up the Potomac, on the 14th of October, brought us to Chain Bridge, near which, on one or the Blue Ridge spurs overlooking the river, we pitched our tents just as darkness was setting in. The

situation here was truly romantic. We could look down upon the waters of the river coursing on toward the sea; here moving in perfect silence, there tumbling over a chaos of jagged rocks, their plaintive sound being the only voice of nature in that wild and rugged solitude.

The life of a soldier has a fascination about it not easily described. In spite of its hardships and privations, there always exists a flow of merriment and good cheer in almost every heart. How often is its unpleasantness forgotten in the enjoyment of a laughter-provoking incident. And I well remember one that occurred while we were occupying our lofty position at Chain Bridge. An intoxicated soldier returned from Washington one night just after tattoo. It was the hour when all lights in the camp must be put out and everybody quiet. But our demoralized comrade, who

had stumbled into the same tent I was occupying, persisted in talking in a manner which created much amusement. After some persuasion he finally concluded to make a prayer and then lie down. This was his maudlin petition:

"Lord have mercy on us all,
Lord have mercy on us all,
Or we can never climb this hill at all."

Down he went, and soon after all became quiet.

A week later we changed our camp from the river, to where General McClellan's army we were informed had been quartered the year before. For miles around every panel of fencing had been lugged to the camp fires; acres of land had been trod smooth as a board floor, making the region appear like a barren desert. A month rolled by, and having already experienced

some freezing weather, stockades were erected, and we congratulated ourselves over the prospect of having little else to do all Winter, beyond the daily routine of drill, dress parade and camp guard duties. But we reaped disappointment. One pleasant Sabbath afternoon, a mounted messenger galloped into camp bearing orders for the regiment to march early next morning, with eight days' rations. The news sped from tent to tent, and speculation was rife as to where we were going, but nobody knew to a certainty. Everybody was busy in the entire brigade encampment that night. Some wrote letters for home, others assisted the sergeants in distributing shelter-tents and ammunition. The cooks kept their fires burning till a late hour boiling meat-rations for the men. Knapsacks were packed and every necessary preparation made for a long march.

Morning dawned with a threatening sky. An hour later, in a drizzling rain, we fell into line and started away, giving three hearty farewell cheers for old Camp Cumberland.

The brigade was composed of the Fourteenth Connecticut, Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth New Jersey Volunteers, under command of Colonel Jennings of the Fourteenth Connecticut. Our course was down the Potomac. Night overtook us while passing through a tract of timber, where we stacked our guns and bivouacked for the night, five miles below Washington. Another day's tiresome march ended in a farmer's field, where his huge stacks of hay were entirely carried away in armfuls by the soldiers, upon which to rest their tired bodies, and his fences used for fuel.

In the evening of the third day, we

pitched our tents on a sloping tract of land on the farm of the Confederate General Mitchell, near Port Tobacco. Fires were soon kindled, and a grand and imposing spectacle was presented to the beholder. Around the bonfires which covered the large field were gathered groups of merry soldiers, whose voices commingling with the crackling of the flames, produced a discordant din, above which now and then snatches of song or bursts of laughter greeted the ear. A large amount of poultry, sheep and hogs were carried into camp by foraging parties, while others, preferring to rest, after their fatiguing march, enjoyed the luxury of a smoke around the crackling fires, then covering themselves with their army blankets, dropped into sound sleep. I laid down for rest and repose, but my slumber was so much disturbed by the mirthful foragers

There is nothing to relieve the monotony of the journey save now and then we pass a primitive farm house or still more humble habitation of a settler. Occasionally somebody in a jovial mood sets to singing "Old John Brown," or the very familiar song:

"We'll soon light our fires on the Rappahannock shore,
We'll soon light our fires on the Rappahannock shore,
And tell father Abraham he needn't call for more,
While we go marching on."

Others join in, and for awhile scores of voices resound through the thinly settled region, heard perhaps by some disquieted woodsman, whose highest hope for the moment was that the passing army would continue marching along until too far away to come back after his crop of poultry when night set in.

Night comes again, and again the fires

are lighted. Another ration of hot coffee, hardtack and salt pork is prepared and eaten with relish, then, gathering about the cheerful blaze, is enjoyed the smoke, the song, the story and the joke, until called by drums all answer to the roll. Now most all retire to their blanket bed, but some, too prone for rude, wild sport, sally out of camp in quest of domestic game, and woe to the unsuspecting crowing cock that betrays his whereabouts and his little flock.

Late next day we reached a landing on the Potomac where steamers were waiting to convey the troops to Acquia Creek landing. On the way down the river, a severe snow storm set in, making our situation upon the uncovered deck of the vessel extremely disagreeable. The storm increased in violence, and as the steamer approached the landing, I endeavored to

define through the gathering gloom the outline of some buildings in which we could take refuge from the driving, pelting snow. But I looked in vain. It was quite dark when we marched off the vessel, to the top of a partly wooded hill, to pass the night as best we could.

"Stack your guns," shouted Lieutenant Wright, "fling your knapsacks under them and let all go to the devil, but take care of yourselves."

His order was promptly obeyed. Several men went back to the landing and got permission to sleep in the steamers' cabins, many fled to the woods to build fires, while others, with myself, cleared away the snow near our guns, hastily put up a few tents, then, spreading our rubber blankets on the water-soaked ground, covered ourselves with our woolen blankets and tried to sleep, but being wet and chilled

to the bone, sleep was quite out of the question. Suddenly the storm ceased, the the clouds drifted away revealing the full-grown moon, which reflected a flood of cheerful light upon the snow-covered woods and hills. Then we got up, carried together a quantity of wood, started a roaring fire, and passed the night in speculative conversation and listening to Sergeant Will. Thompson relate his experiences on the Peninsula with General McClellan, and what important events he thought would transpire within a few days. Meanwhile the writer watched the progress of a partial eclipse of the moon, the shadow passing over a large portion of her silvery disk.

Owing to the intense cold, the brigade rested here two days, keeping big fires burning day and night to render the situation more endurable.

## Chapter III.

RESUMING the march from Acquia Creek, on the 9th of December, we arrived at Falmouth, where we found ourselves among the war-worn veterans of the Army of the Potomac, which then occupied the north bank of the Rappahannock river. Our new burnished-buttoned uniforms were in striking contrast to the faded and threadbare suits of the men who had been carrying a musket over a year. When they saw us coming, they gathered in groups to watch the column pass by. I will never forget the reply one of those battle-tried fellows gave to a member of our regiment who jokingly called out:

"Is there any game down here, boys?"

"Yes, pard," was the quick response,

"you will find bigger game down here than you ever gunned for before." And he told us the truth.

At this point of my story, a brief explanation of the operations of the contending armies at that period of the war, as given by Captain George B. Herbert, will enable the reader to comprehend more clearly the movements of the troops in the campaigns to which my narrative is confined:

"General A. E. Burnside, successor to General McClellan, relieved, assumed command of the Army of the Potomac on November 10th, and promptly reorganized his army. Burnside's plans were directed toward the capture of Richmond, and on November 16th moved in the direction of Fredericksburg, where an attempt to cross the Rappahannock was delayed on account of heavy demonstrations by General Lee's forces, and hostilities were postponed until the 21st, when the main body of the Federal army had arrived at Falmouth and

from that point commanded the city of Fredericksburg with batteries on the Falmouth hills. On November 21st, General Sumner demanded the surrender of the city, but the demand was refused by the authorities. The Confederate forces, numbering eighty thousand, had been pushed forward by Lee and disposed in a semicircle behind Fredericksburg, the right and left wing extending for miles above and below the city. There had been constructed, along the heights on the Falmouth side, twenty-nine batteries, to cover the operations."

To return to my regiment where we left the squad of veterans roaring with laughter at the witty remark of their comrade in reply to the inquiry for game by one of the new arrivals. Here the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth New Jersey were immediately brigaded with the veteran regiments,—the Eighth Ohio, Fourteenth Indiana and Seventh Virginia,—under

Brigadier-General Kimball, of French's division, Second corps.

Before daylight on the morning of the second day after our arrival, we were quietly awakened by the officers and ordered to pack knapsacks as quickly as possible and prepare to march at a moment's notice. In quiet suspense the morning meal was hastily prepared, and the writer well remembers seating himself upon a stump, holding in one hand a tin cup full of hot coffee, in the other his allowance of hardtack, when the boom of a cannon away off towards the river, fell upon our ears. It was a signal gun which called the two opposing armies to their feet. A few minutes later there was another report, then another, and by sunrise the booming of cannon was almost incessant. We stirred around lively, but the officers became impatient at our seeming slowness.

Throwing our knapsacks into the vacated hospital tent, with sixty rounds of cartridges and three days' rations we fell into line, and left camp on double-quick, passing a number of regiments all around preparing to follow. A battery of artillery passed us, the captain swearing at his men for driving so fast. After a forced march of about two miles through the woods the column was halted, in a large ravine, nearly a mile from the river and directly opposite the city of Fredericksburg. The booming of the artillery was now continued. The Federal batteries stationed along the heights were bombarding the city, while the engineers were laying pontoon bridges for the passage of the troops across the river. Confederate sharpshooters, secreted behind buildings, harassed the engineers exceedingly, and it was nearly sunset when the cannonading ceased, and news quickly

passed along the line that the bridges were completed. In a few minutes the order to fall in was given, when we climbed out of the ravine and moved across the broad, level plain towards the river. It was then so dark that objects at a distance were very indistinct. Suddenly from a point far away on the opposite shore, we saw a flash of fire, instantly followed by the report of a cannon and whizz of a solid shot passing over our heads. Soon came another. The column halted, and, instead of proceeding on toward the river, was countermarched back to the woods, while a Federal battery on the bluffs opened a rapid fire on the enemy's powerful guns which had been turned upon our ranks. From our position in the woods, on the brow of the hill, a good view of the burning city of Fredericksburg could be had. The scene was sublime to look upon, but a sad one for meditation.

Some time in the night I awoke, and rising to my feet gazed awhile on the sleeping forms of my comrades around me with feelings not to be described, for well I knew we were on the eve of a great battle. The conflagrations across the river yet lit up the sky, when I again laid down and slept until morning. At dawn the drums beat for roll-call; we answered to our names; and as soon as we could cook and swallow a light breakfast, the command was given to fall in, and the brigade again started to cross into the city undisturbed.

To reach the river shore, we marched down a narrow ravine and filed to the right, passing broken gun carriages, and dead horses—killed during the bombardment. Crossing the river on the pontoon bridge, double-quick, the column turned down Main street and halted. Lying in

the street, near the crossing, I noticed a dead Confederate soldier, who had been killed the day before, for on his clothes was a thick coat of frost. Here and there a Union soldier was boiling a cup of coffee among the smouldering ruins of the burned buildings. Heaps of shattered walls and other debris lying about in the streets indicated where the cannon balls and shells had done their destructive work. Every business place was vacated and the entire city deserted, save by a few residents of the poor class. At short intervals, shells and solid shot fired from Rappahannock heights, went screaming over the town into the enemy's fortifications, the loud reports of the heavy guns reverberating above our heads sounded not unlike crashes of thunder at the approach of a mighty tempest. Shortly after we halted in the streets, and while leaning on my musket, a

rifle-ball fired by a secreted Johnny Reb, struck the pavement, and glancing off, buried itself in a rolled blanket on the shoulder of Clement Ballinger, at my elbow. Clem. was the first man in the regiment struck by a bullet. It had doubtless been aimed at Colonel Robertson who was sitting on his horse in front of his regiment. A young girl in a frenzy of fright rushed out of her home imploring the officers to not let the men hurt her. Numbers of soldiers left the ranks to secure some booty. I saw a mounted officer use his sword freely on a crowd in front of a looted store, angrily ordering his men to go back to their regiment.

Troops poured into the city during the day, until every avenue swarmed with armed men. Quietness reigned all night, the drowsy sentinels being startled but a few times by the report of a rifle out on the picket line.

## Chapter IV.

NEXT morning, December 13th, a heavy fog hung over the city, but when it lifted, somewhere about 11 o'clock, the command was given to fall into line, fix bayonets and prime our guns. Colonel Robertson made some remarks to his men telling us to aim low, and try to wound a man in preference to killing him. Noticing a red colored scarf about my neck, he ordered me to take it off, saying it would make a good target for the enemy. The scarf disappeared. Suspense is intense. Shortly the command, "Forward!" is passed along the line, when Kimball's brigade, headed by the Twenty-fourth New Jersey, marched down Main street to Railroad avenue, and out that thorough-

fare to the fields back of the city, to begin the attack upon the heights. At the edge of the town we passed General Kimball facing us, in his saddle, who addressed his men in these words, which I never forgot:

"Cheer up, my hearties; cheer up! This is something we must all get used to. Remember, this brigade has never been whipped, and don't let it be whipped to-day."

No wild hurrah went up in response. Every face wore an expression of seriousness and dread. The scene, for the moment, called to my mind an incident I had once read in the military life of Napoleon Bonaparte. The General, says the historian, while watching his soldiers marching into battle, observed one whose face was pallid with fear. Pointing out the man to one of his aides, Bonaparte remarked:

"There goes a brave man. He knows his danger but faces it."

A minute later we realized the awful danger before us, but General Kimball's men, like Napoleon's, courageously faced it. A few steps further and we are out of the town, in the open fields, in full view of the enemy. While the brigade is coming into position, at double-quick, to assault the Confederate fortifications around Maryes' Heights, the artillerymen on the summit are turning their guns upon us, and with effect. To facilitate our progress in the charge, haversacks and blankets are thrown away. The company commanders shout sharply to their men to keep the regiments in line as they advance to the attack. Screeching, like demons in the air, solid shot, shrapnel and shells, from the batteries on the hills, strike the ground in front of us, behind us, and cut gaps in

the ranks. See there! A field officer has been struck by one of the missiles and a couple of men who have raised him to his feet are calling loudly for more help to get him off the field. As the line advances up the slope, men wounded and dead drop from the ranks.

It is not every man that can face danger like this. I saw a few so overcome by fear that they fell prostrate upon the ground as if dead. I have seen men drop upon their knees and pray loudly for deliverance, when courage and bravery, not supplication, was the duty of the moment.

Hark! There's one of my comrades, Johnny Brayerton, praying too, perhaps for the first time in his life. It was a short one:

"Oh, Lord, dear, good Lord," he cried.

But Johnny at that trying moment was as brave as he was devout, and kept his

place in the front rank. Not a gun was fired, if I remember correctly, until the brigade reached the crest of the hill, when, like a burst of thunder, the roar of musketry became almost deafening. It seemed to me every soldier, after firing his piece had thrown himself flat upon the ground to avoid the enemy's bullets, and I did not see how I could possibly load and fire by lying down in that crouching column of men. To stand up boldly along that firing line—the dead-line—was almost certain death, so I ran to a blacksmith shop some distance to my right, where, with a number of other soldiers who had taken refuge there, we banged away at the Rebels; but they were so securely and safely entrenched behind a great stone wall, that I believe every man in the firing line felt that there was no hope of a victory. But we were there to fight, and continued shooting at

our unseen foes. Surely, as a writer says:

"It was a fight against fate: a march into the jaws of death with no hope of success, when the Confederate bullets would surely strike down an erect man. Every soldier that marched with Hancock that memorable December day has a battle record to be envied if he did not see another fight during the war."

The little frame building from which we were firing, was by no means bullet-proof, yet we felt much safer there than standing out in full view of the enemy. Down goes one of our party, shot through the head. Just then Colonel Robertson joined us for a few minutes, and noticing the dead body of the man lying at our feet, asked who it was. Nobody knew. The Colonel then ordered a couple of men to place the body by the side of the shop out of the way of charging troops.

"There they come!" someone shouted,

and looking back toward the city, we saw another long line of reinforcements charging up the slope. Lustily they were cheered as they advanced, and I noticed a wounded man sitting upon the ground waving his cap and cheering with the rest. Until nightfall, brigade after brigade charged across that field of death, to the dead-line, only to suffer disaster and defeat. There comes a regiment charging right towards us, advancing as orderly as if on dress-parade. The cool conduct of their Colonel attracted the attention of a few, and some-one cried out:

"That's the way for a Colonel to bring in his men."

Some of the boys were jolly and laughing when they passed us, in close column, by the blacksmith shop, out of sight. See! some of them are already returning—I mean those that are wounded—to secure

shelter along with us in front of the building. Two stalwart fellows came around the corner dragging their dying Colonel riddled with bullets. That regiment must have been literally cut to pieces. I never think of the scene without regretting not having asked one of the men the name of the regiment, and I wish these lines would reach the notice of a survivor who could answer for me the question I ought to have asked at that awful moment, when so many of those brave fellows were marching to their death. In memory, the writer can yet see their heroic commander leading the charge, and the next minute lying mangled and bleeding, surrounded by some of his wounded men, the blood dripping from their heads, arms and faces, showing where the enemy's bullets had struck.

Having been ordered to cease firing, at this point, to let the unknown regiment

pass our line, I joined company with the color-bearers of the Twenty-fourth regiment, Corporal Levi Kelley, of Company A, and Sergeant Thompson, of Company C. We were seated upon the ground in a small circle, when a shell struck and exploded in our midst. Stunned and blinded for an instant, with my face smarting with pain, I sprang to my feet. If it is possible for a man to get scorched by the burning powder from an exploding shell without being struck by the flying fragments, then such was my experience at that frightful moment. I heard Kelley give a piercing scream, and as soon as the smoke cleared away, I knelt beside him and looked to see where he was hurt, and asked him if he would like me to help him off the field.

"No," he answered, so faintly that I could hardly hear his voice, amid such a terrific din of firearms, "let me lie here."

Then I put his canteen to his lips, from which he look a hearty drink. Then I left, for what more could I do? Poor Kelley, his wounds were mortal. A shell had torn a great hole clear through one ankle, and another had gone into his body. Sergeant Thompson had one of his feet partly blown off. How Thompson and myself escaped being mangled as bad as Kelley cannot be explained.

A bullet crashed through the shop, throwing a splinter into the face of a man standing near. He cursed in hot anger and left the spot. From the blacksmith shop I hurriedly returned along the firing line to the red brick house, near which we opened fire in the assault. It was indeed a foolhardy act to change my position right in front of a charging line of reinforcements; but, strange as it may seem, I got through unscathed.

the man who had warned me of the danger I was going to risk. Close by that very spot, Lieutenant J. O. Crowell, Company I, Acting Adjutant of the Twenty-fourth regiment, received a fatal bullet while rallying his men. Few men, it is claimed, possessed in a greater degree the qualifications of a good soldier and popular officer. A few yards away, at my left, screened by an abrupt knoll, Corporal Joseph Bradway of Company C, and an unknown soldier, continued firing until the latter was killed by raising his head a little too high, and comrade Bradway was disabled by a ball in his shoulder, after having fired thirty-five rounds.

I question whether in any of the great battles of the war, the soldiers became more mixed in action, or where as much freedom was taken by the men to save their lives, as the troops who gallantly

charged up to Marye's Heights that memorable 13th of December. All over the plain, men were going out of the battle, numbers of them wounded, others helping off disabled comrades, and scores seeking safety back into the city. In confirmation of this statement, General Couch, who climbed up into the clock tower on the Court House to get a view of the field, in describing the battle years afterwards, says:

"I remember the whole plain was covered with men, prostrate and dropping, the live men running here and there, and the wounded coming back. The commands seemed to be mixed up. I had never before seen anything like that—nothing approaching it in terrible uproar and destruction."

A Prussian officer of high rank, who witnessed the battle, declared to some of the higher officers, that he never saw

troops march up to storm batteries in the face of such a dreadful fire. He expressed admiration at the excellent order in which the divisions advanced under fire, and the obstinacy with which the battle was contested on both sides, and said that no such severe fighting had ever been done in any of the European wars within the past twelve years. This officer was at the battles of Magenta, Solferino, and in the Crimean war at Sabastopol, and said that the English and French troops never displayed more daring, and good fighting qualities, than did the soldiers at the storming of Marye's Heights.

General Kimball's brigade held its position at the firing-line until relieved, but even then the men could not safely retire. The only alternative was to lie at full length upon the ground, skulk into or behind neighboring buildings, or, at much greater

risk of being shot down, withdraw to the rear. While at the brick house, looking around about me upon the awful scene of carnage, a bullet grazed my head. I watched a brigade charge up the slope, close to our left, but the brave men, unable to withstand the withering fire, soon fell back in disorder, followed by soldiers who had been at the dead-line since the first attack by Kimball's men. With a number of others in the mixed throng collected in front of the brick building, the writer withdrew from the field. All the way down the slope to the edge of the town, I saw my fellow-soldiers dropping on every side, in their efforts to get out of the reach of the murderous fire from the Confederate infantry securely entrenched behind the long stone wall and the batteries on the heights. I saw a shell explode, close to the heels of a large man fleeing for

his life. He was blown clear from the ground, falling in a heap, frightfully mangled. A little further on, another unfortunate fellow was lying on the ground, in a violent death struggle. At the edge of the town, two men were helping off the field a badly wounded comrade, who was cursing in a frenzy of anger and vowing vengeance upon the Rebels. A couple of stretcher carriers were carrying to the hospital a man with both legs shot away. It was a sickening sight. Scenes such as I have described made a lasting impression upon my memory.

When darkness closed the conflict, the scattered and shattered regiments made their way back to the city, as the long ambulance train moved out on the field to take off the wounded. All next day—Sunday—men were inquiring for their companies, and visiting the hospitals in

search of missing comrades. Meeting Captain Hancock on the street, he conducted me to one of the hospitals to see our color-bearer, Corporal Kelley. Lying upon the floor of a large room, around which blood-stained soldiers laid as close as they could be crowded together, Kelley was dying.

Into churches, halls and dwellings—buildings of every sort—the wounded had been carried, where the army surgeons attended to their injuries, and tried to alleviate their sufferings.

Soon after leaving the hospital, I joined a remnant of my Company, quartered in a billiard saloon. As the day advanced, more of the missing came in, but some never returned. The morning after the battle, the Twenty-fourth regiment mustered only thirty-six men.

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM N. HANCOCK.
(From a war time photograph.)

## Chapter V.

ONE of the indispensable articles in a soldier's equipment is the haversack, in which is carried his rations of pork, hardtack and coffee.

It was a common thing in the army for a soldier to cast aside his blanket, overcoat or knapsack before starting in a charge. Having flung my haversack away in the assault the day before, how was I to carry my rations, if I did not procure another?

"Boys," I remarked to my companions, "I guess I will go out on the battlefield and get somebody's haversack; I cannot get along without one."

"Bring me a blanket, won't you, Ben?" called out Isaac Ridgway, who had lost his the same way.

"Yes, Ike, I will," I replied, as I started away.

The tumult of battle had ceased the evening before. Troops were not moving hurriedly about the city, led by excited officers; but the great death-roll was increasing all the time. The hospitals were giving up their dead—which laid in rows in front of those buildings, awaiting burial in the trenches, which gangs of men were digging in gardens and vacant lots. As I approached the battlefield, by way of Hanover street, which makes an abrupt descent at the edge of the town, I heard the Confederate sharpshooters all the way along the stone wall up at the heights, firing at every Union soldier that appeared in sight. Not suspecting any immediate danger, I continued my course down the hill, until I reached the open field, where I stopped, at the ruins of a small brick

house, destroyed by shells. Inside the walls a dead soldier laid on a heap of crumbled bricks. To find the coveted haversack, and a blanket for comrade Ridgway, further search was unnecessary. They were lying all around. Upon the breast of the lifeless body, lay a pretty little prayer-book, which I preserved as a relic. On the fly-leaf was written, as near as I could make it out, "Henry J. Neefagall," and below, "Cap. A. Dony." Covering the ghastly corpse with a cast off garment, I turned away to gaze over the field, where death had not yet ended its appalling feast, for the well aimed bullets from the sharpshooters now and then whizzed across the plain. On a near-by hillside, at the right of Hanover street, I counted fifteen Union dead, where a regiment had made a futile attempt to capture a battery. Away off at my left, near the

railroad, in one place and another among the dead, a severely wounded soldier could be seen creeping or limping, in a low stooping posture, trying to get back into the town. Whether any succeeded in getting away alive, the writer does not know; their progress was so slow I did not watch them long. While surveying different parts of the field, and contemplating the awful realities of war, a ball from a sharpshooter's rifle crashed through a small frame shed which I had just entered, barely missing my limbs. My whereabouts had become known to the enemy, who were bent on driving me from cover, for a fair and open shot. Believing my situation very dangerous, I resolved upon flight back into the city. So catching up my trophies I sprang out into the road, and hurried back up Hanover street on double-quick. The fun was then on for the sharpshooters,

but they didn't succeed in bringing down their game. Bullet after bullet whizzed past my head and buried in the hill, but by the providence of God I escaped them all.

Comrade Ridgway thanked me for bringing him an army blanket, and I felt pleased over the possession of another haversack.

Soon after my return, my Company, A, was ordered down to the river, where the Twenty-fourth regiment was reforming, by the accession of other companies and squads, from the places of their previous night's bivouac, after the battle. The regiment spent Sunday night on the river shore, both armies remaining quiet. But on Monday the officers were astir. General Burnside had been preparing to make another attack, and when along the line the command, "Fall in!" was given, it

thrilled every man's heart with a feeling of indescribable dread. Captain Garwood, facing his men with the colors in his hand, asked who would carry the flag? All kept silent for a few seconds, when John Chapman, of Company A, as loyal and brave as any soldier ever sent to the front, spoke up:

"I will," as he stepped forward to take it.

The Captain grasped his hand, but his emotion would not let him speak.

O, merciful God! must we charge again across that blood-stained field, over stiffened corpses, into another holocaust of death? No. While standing in position, waiting in great suspense for orders to march out to the field, General Burnside had been persuaded by the presentations of General Sumner to abandon the attempt. The order to stack our guns relieved our

CAPTAIN JOHN T. GARWOOD.
(From a war time photograph.)

suspense, at least for a time, and John Chapman furled his flag.

Night came again, and again we fixed ourselves away, upon the muddy shore, the best we could. One of my comrades found a short ladder; I had a strip of board. We soon formed a partnership. Upon his ladder I placed my board, and together we "laid us down to sleep." But only a little while had our eyes been closed in slumber, when we were aroused by a hand laid lightly on our limbs, and then I heard a voice in a very low tone. It was Captain John S. Locke, of Company K, bending over us.

"Boys," he whispered, get ready to march as quickly as you possibly can."

"Is Burnside retreating?" we both asked at once; but the Captain in his hurry had gone away to arouse others. Without a

moment's delay, in perfect silence, the regiment fell into line, at a given signal started, and in less than half an hour we were safely across the river, followed by thousands of troops—dispirited, hopeless of conquering a foe so strongly fortified. We straggled back to Camp Knight, in the Stafford hills, arriving about midnight. The sky had become clouded, rain soon began to fall, and those who had no tents were drenched to the skin. Next day the weather grew severely cold; many who had lost their blankets in battle were obliged to construct temporary brush shelters, and keep fires burning, until supplied with new tents and blankets.

The losses of the Twenty-fourth regiment in killed, wounded, and missing, in that disastrous campaign, amounted in all to one hundred and sixty. My Company had two killed and thirteen wounded.

LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER L. ROBESON.

Many of those reported missing have never been heard from. Lieutenant Alexander L. Robeson bravely led forward Company H, never to return. Though a faithful and oft-repeated search was made for him, no tidings were ever received, nor has any positive intelligence since been obtained concerning him. The members of his Company loved him as a brother, and his men were equally dear to him. He was a man of exemplary Christian character.

Some whose wounds were considered fatal lived to get home. There was Hudson Davis, of Company C, who while in the act of priming his gun was struck near the temple, by a bullet which crashed through the bone and lodged in his head, felling him senseless to the earth. His comrades who saw him fall, supposed him dead. But they were mistaken. He is living today and filling a lucrative position

in the United States Mint. We will let him tell his experience after being shot, as it was related to the author, only a short time before these pages were written:

"When I came to my senses," he said, "I was on my hands and knees. I got upon my feet and could hardly stand, but managed to get into the brick house near by, when I got on a bed in the rear room. While lying there, two wounded men came in and got on the bed with me. Through the back window we could see the stone wall. Suddenly a bullet came through the window, striking the ceiling and knocking off some of the plaster. The two men with me sprang out of the bed and crawled under it. From that time I had the bed to myself, up to 12 o'clock that night, when I got up and walked to the front door, where I met Colonel Robertson, who had come back onto the battlefield to

search for his missing men. I asked him if the ambulances were running. He said they had all left the field, and if I was able to walk, to get back to the city as soon as possible. I went back the same way we had gone out in the charge, and as I passed a large building, some one shot at me. Meeting Lieutenant Simpkins, he conducted me to a hospital, which was so densely crowded I did not want to stay; so he took me to a vacated drug store, where my Company had quartered the night before the battle. Next morning I was unable to get up, and was then carried across the river to a hospital tent, where I suffered severely from the intensely cold weather. I could not tell my name. I would study and try to tell the doctors, but could not do so. Seeing a man holding a lead pencil, by signs I got him to let me have it, with a bit of paper, thinking I

might be able to write my name; but after trying nearly an hour, gave it up. The doctor in charge did not know there was a ball in my wound, but one day another surgeon came in and soon discovered there was a bullet in my head. They quickly placed me upon the operating table, and went to work at me; and, after removing several fragments of bone, the ball was extracted, after having been in my head over four days. Right away after the ball had been taken out, I was able to give my name, company and regiment. Along with other wounded men, I was sent on to Washington."

HUDSON DAVIS.

## Chapter VI.

THE losses sustained by the Army of the Potomac, in that important campaign, amounted to twelve thousand three hundred and fifty-three men,—killed, wounded and missing. In addition to the losses in battle, the fatigue and exposure attending the operations of the army told sadly upon the troops. The regimental hospitals were soon filled with the sick; numbers of them were transported up to Washington, while others remained to die in camp. Sergeant George M. Chester, of Company G, was disabled for life with rheumatism, contracted by exposure. The writer was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism in his feet, which made him most helpless for several weeks. One

morning our Lieutenant, William N. Hancock, came to my tent to take me to the camp hospital for treatment. I demurred. He said I must go; so with his assistance I managed to get there. That day dragged wearily by, and the night seemed of interminable duration. When morning came I determined to desert back to camp. Securing a couple of canes, I succeeded by ruse in getting by the guard, at the tent door, and fearing only Lieutenant Hancock, I slowly made my way down the long hill path undisturbed, to my little A tent, which, with its soft bed of fresh, fragrant pine boughs, was cosy as a parlor in comparison to the cold, cheerless, uncomfortable accommodations over at the hospital.

Who should call at my tent one day while I was helpless and alone, but Lieutenant John M. Fogg, of Company H,

LIEUTENANT JOHN M. FOGG.

Twelfth New Jersey. The Lieutenant and myself had been playmates in our early childhood, but as we grew older our paths diverged until we lost sight of each other entirely. At the time of which I write, Johnny had left his home and studies and gone to be a soldier in the army, and it so happened his regiment encamped in the vicinity of the Twenty-fourth. He had kindly come over to see me, to give good cheer and chat awhile. It was our last interview—the last time we ever met. Lieut. Fogg was killed while gallantly leading his men in the battle of the Wilderness, May 5th, 1864.

My tent-mate and other members of my company kindly looked after my wants, until the malady finally disappeared, when I again reported for duty. The very same comrade, I want to say right here, with whom I joined partnership in making a

so-called bed on the muddy shore of the Rappahannock on the night of the retreat, became my tent-mate from that hour; nor did our partnership dissolve until the day we bade each other good-bye, to return to our respective homes. His name was Isaac Sheets, who for size, strength and endurance, was not excelled by any soldier in the regiment. For these good soldierly qualities he was put in the Pioneer corps, but when off duty we messed together, slept together, and together helped each other to make army life on the front as comfortably endurable as changing circumstances would permit. Comrade Sheets has answered the last roll-call, having years ago joined the grand army above.

General Burnside, still bent upon the capture of Richmond, during a mild spell of weather in January, ordered another advance. Accordingly, on the 20th, eight

days' rations were issued, and on the 21st, regiments of cavalry, infantry, and batteries of artillery, commenced passing our camps, on their way to the river, preparatory to crossing. Before night, the weather had undergone a great change, and about midnight a furious storm broke upon us. Expecting to strike tents before morning, my regiment made every preparation to move. That evening before tattoo—when all lights must be put out—I wrote a letter for home, and one for my tent-mate, comrade Sheets, to his wife. Among other things he told me to write, I remember this:

"Ben," he said, "tell her we are going to cross the river once more and I may never see her again."

"Ike," I replied, "don't send such a message as that. You may get through

safe, so don't say anything about the dangers before us."

"Very well, Ben; you may leave that out," answered Ike, and I went on and finished the letter.

At daybreak the tempest had not abated. The artillery and army wagons could proceed no further through the mud, so the attempt to cross the river was abandoned, and the already weary troops marched back through the deep mire to their encampments, miles away back in the hills. Immediately after this failure, General Burnside, it seems, who had previously been informed by the President that he did not possess the confidence of the army, went to Washington to ask the dismissal of certain subordinate officers, who, he believed, were fomenting discontent. His demand was refused, and on the 26th of January an order was issued relieving

ISAAC SHEETS, Pioneer.

General Burnside of the command of the Army of the Potomac, and Major General Hooker was assigned to the command vacated by Burnside.

For three months thereafter, no active operations were undertaken by either Lee or Hooker, in consequence of the terrible condition of the roads, and also because both armies had been severely demoralized by the heavy fighting of the last campaign. During these three months of inactivity, while in winter quarters, we daily went through the ordinary routine of company drill, dress parade and camp guard duty; but picketing on the front, although attended with much exposure, was, to the writer, the most fascinating duty of army life. In fact, I learned to like it. I was usually stationed at one of the posts opposite Fredericksburg, where the river is

quite narrow. Standing at the water's edge, we faced the enemy's pickets on the opposite shore, near enough to converse with them, to observe their movements in the trenches, their brigade drills on the common above the town, and the noisy games of ball by the boys too young to bear a musket. Sometimes we heard the sound of the church organ, and during the long cold winter nights I have counted the ringing strokes of the town clock as it noted each passing hour. Within my range of vision, up and down the river, the light of seven Rebel picket fires reflected upon the glassy surface of the river from the opposite shore, while on our side of the stream the Union pickets paced smartly about their beats or stamped their feet to keep themselves warm, for never a fire on the outposts was permitted to be kindled after dark.

To many a Confederate soldier, coffee was a great luxury, but exceedingly scarce, while the Union troops were always well supplied with that article, but often run short of tobacco. Our Secession neighbors across the river were cordial and communicative, and always anxious to exchange some of their tobacco, of which they had plenty, for our hardtack and coffee. Communication with them was strictly forbidden, but in the temporary absence of the officers of the picket guards I have frequently heard salutations exchanged across the stream—the dividing line between the two hostile armies. We called them "Johnny Rebs;" they called us "Yanks." One morning a Confederate picket was seen reading a newspaper.

"What's the news, Johnny?" called out one of my comrades.

"Very flattering, this morning,"

answered the guard, turning again to his paper.

On another occasion one of them attempted to send over a package of tobacco on a little raft, but the current carried it down stream. This unsuccessful commercial enterprise prompted one of our boys to send the hungry Johnny a small quantity of coffee. We all four of us took a hand in the shine. In a small piece of board, shaped like a boat, we fixed a mast; another furnished an old letter for a sail, then each donated a little coffee, and the freighted craft was pushed out from shore. For a time there was a prospect of a safe voyage, but when in mid-stream, the frail craft capsized and the cargo floated down the river. At another time, Lieutenant James J. Reeves, of Company H, took from the water a miniature boat, six inches

long, to which was fastened the following message:

"Gents U. S. Army—

We send you some tobacco by our Packet. Send us some coffee in return. Also a deck of cards, if you have them, and we will send you more tobacco. Send us any late papers if you have them.

JAS. O. PARKER,
Co. H, 17th Regt. Miss. Vols.

Soon after roll-call in the camps, every morning, the required number of men were detailed by the Sergeants for picket duty, and in charge of an officer marched immediately to the outposts, to relieve those who had watched the enemy the previous day and night. It came my turn one morning to go out with the picket guards just as an order came from headquarters to provide ourselves with four days' rations. The weather was intensely cold, but without a fire to warm by or a tent to shelter

our bodies, we staid along the river front four successive days and nights. When relieved by the new guards, we lost no time in starting back to camp; but instead of following the usual route, our officer took his men up the river shore, until opposite Falmouth, where we scrambled up the Heights, passing close by the town. A dense fog obscured surrounding objects and to my great surprise found myself among the tombstones of a desolate graveyard—a spot which had once been kept with care, but sadly desecrated when I saw it. The few large trees which had shaded the grassy mounds through many a long summer, had been chopped down by the soldiers for fuel, and the broken gravestones told where the trees had fallen. I stopped a few minutes to read some of the inscriptions, noting the following epitaph in my journal:

"Here lies the grief of an affectionate mother, and the blasted expectations of an indulgent father."

Long before spring, every tree and bush and twig around the camps had been utilized for fuel, until hill-top and valley became as bare as a swept floor. To keep the camp-fires burning, wood had to be carried from a distant forest, or hauled in army wagons.

Late in February, the regiment moved to a new and more desirable camping ground, half a mile away and near a forest. It was called Camp Robertson, in honor of our Colonel. The clean and nicely laid out streets, adorned with evergreen trees, and the uniform size of the company tents, made Camp Robertson one of the most beautiful regiment quarters to be found in the Army of the Potomac.

By the middle of April more of the sick

had been removed to the Potomac Creek Hospital, and more had died in camp.

The burial in camp of every deceased soldier was performed with military honors. In a rough board coffin, the remains were borne to the grave, followed by the members of the company to which the deceased belonged, marching with slow and regular step to the mournful notes of fife and muffled drum. A platoon of soldiers with muskets fired three volleys over the lowered coffin; the chaplain said with the few words he spoke, "Dust to dust," the dirt was shoveled in, and all was over.

I had just thrown off my equipments, after dress parade early one pleasant evening, when my attention was attracted toward the hospital tent by the funeral notes of the drum corps. I followed the little cortege to a cluster of pines near the camp, where, just as the sun was disap-

pearing behind the hills, another coffined body was lowered into the pit prepared to receive it. The chaplain performed his part in the ceremony, the firing squad fired three salutes, then the dirt was shoveled back into the pit, and before I left the spot another mound marked the resting place of one more added to the soldier dead among the pines. As I sauntered away, I thought of the sorrow which would soon darken another Northern home from which had been taken a loved one, who would never return from the tented field to tell the story of camp life and battles.

## Chapter VII.

TURNING back for awhile, to the time General Hooker assumed command of the Army of the Potomac, January 26th, I venture the assertion that at no period in its history were the troops more disheartened, or less hopeful of achieving success, than during the winter following the calamitous Fredericksburg campaign.

"Hooker," says the historian, "found his men deserting at the rate of about two hundred a day, and a close examination of the muster-rolls proved that two thousand nine hundred and twenty-two commissioned officers, and eighty-one thousand nine hundred and sixty-four privates and non-commissioned officers were absent. Of course, included in this number were the

wounded and sick in the hospitals. It was an appalling state of affairs, but Hooker at once went to work and speedily brought order out of chaos. By the middle of April he had a thoroughly disciplined force of about one hundred and ten thousand infantry and artillery with four hundred guns, and thirteen thousand cavalry."

Before daylight, on the morning of the 28th of April, we broke camp, and with eight days' rations marched up the river through a light rain, encamping at night in a grove of pines, near United States Ford. The numerical strength of my company, from nearly a hundred men while marching through Maryland in December was now reduced to forty-three musket bearers. That night I was detailed with one hundred men to assist the pontoniers in pulling their wagons to the river. Next day several thousand troops passed our

camp, among whom was the Twelfth New Jersey. While watching that regiment pass, Richard Borton, of Company F, a relative of the writer, sprang out of the ranks and grasped my hand, at the same time remarking that he hoped we would both come out of the fight all right. I never saw Richard afterward. His grave —be it where it may—is among the unknown.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 30th, orders came to advance, and we were soon in line, ready to march; but, before starting, an order from the Commander-in-Chief was received and read to the troops, which strengthened our hopes considerably. It was as follows:

"It is with heartfelt satisfaction that the Commanding General announces to the army that the operations of the last three days have determined that our enemy

CHANCELLORSVILLE HOUSE.

This Building was the Headquarters of General Hooker during the Battle. The General was stunned by a cannon ball striking one of the pillars.

must either ingloriously flee or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him."

The sky was without a cloud and the air balmy. Brigade after brigade filed down the winding pass through a forest to the river. Emerging from the woods on to the grassy banks of the placid stream, I beheld a scene which recalled to mind the glowing description given in ancient history of marching hosts in battle array. The bands played lively airs; drums were beating at the head of every regiment, while cheer after cheer echoed along the Heights, for the soldiers at that inspiring moment felt strong in the hope that an easy victory lay before them. But, oh! how many crossed the smooth waters of the Rappahannock, that beautiful afternoon, never

to return to tell the sad story of battle and defeat.

Unmolested by the enemy, who was nowhere in sight, we crossed on the pontoon bridge in safety and struck a southwesterly course, following a wagon road through a thickly timbered region. Owing to the darkness and inequalities of the highway, the regiments soon became straggled and the men marched at will—that is to say, we picked our own way through the deep gloom. On the way we met a motley squad of Confederate prisoners, captured by the advance guards. They complained of being hungry, and from my well filled haversack I gave one of them a day's ration of bread and meat. Near midnight the regiment stopped in a corn field, near Chancellorsville, where we boiled some coffee and rested until morning. All next day we kept ourselves in readiness to

march, but the boom of a cannon beyond the woods in our advance, early in the afternoon, signalled the fact that Hooker had overtaken Lee. A lagging artillery fire was kept up until just before sunset, when a long, wild yell in the woods ahead of us, followed by a tremendous volley of musketry, convinced us that a general engagement would soon begin.

It was the opening of the battle of Chancellorsville.

The Second corps being held in reserve, we rested on our arms awaiting orders. At 8 o'clock that night the Twenty-fourth regiment marched a short distance and formed in line of battle, along the edge of the woods. Here I was detailed, with others from the regiment, to advance into the thicket one hundred paces ahead of the line of battle, as skirmishers. The forest rang with the sound of a thousand axes

wielded by the Pioneer corps, who were kept busy all night felling trees for abatis, and digging trenches for defense, while the soldiers slept by their guns. Fighting was resumed in the morning, but it was not very heavy. All that day our brigade, commanded by General Carroll, occupied a line of rifle pits on the edge of an open space covering many acres. While crossing the field to the earth-works, a fuse shell exploded high above our heads, sounding like a clap of thunder. Our Captain, Howard Bassett, noticing some confusion in the company, sternly cried out:

"Steady there, men, keep your places; it was only a shell bursted in the air!"

I felt abashed by the Captain's coolness. Thousands after thousands of troops emerged from the woods into the large field—bordered by timber on every side—

CAPTAIN HOWARD BASSETT.
(From a war time photograph.)

until it seemed there were enough men massed together on that common to whip the world. Save now and then a stray cannon shot from the enemy, we listened undisturbed to the firing on the front, and watching the movements of the marching regiments changing their position along the borders of the woods.

Some time in the afternoon our noble-hearted Chaplain, Rev. W. C. Stockton, whom every man in the regiment honored and revered, approached Colonel Robertson, who was seated upon a pile of knapsacks, and related to him an affecting incident which had occurred only a few minutes before, at the Chancellor house—where some of the wounded were lying. I leaned on my musket, an attentive listener, for I stood in the trench only a few feet away. A soldier had been struck in the head by a piece of shell and lay

mortally wounded at the hospital, where Chaplain Stockton found him reading his Testament. Upon inquiring of the nature of his wounds, the sufferer informed the Chaplain that he had been told he must die, and in a tremulous voice said:

"Oh! how I would like to see my dear wife and child once more before I die, but I hope to meet them in Heaven."

Stockton, after telling his story, said something about the horrors of war, then hastened away. After he had gone I noticed Colonel Robertson resting his head upon his hands, evidently engaged in silent prayer.

As the day wore on the firing grew hotter and was coming nearer to the open field. Night had stopped the conflict, we thought, until morning, but late in the evening every man was startled to his feet by a terrific cannonade not a quarter of a

mile off. Tracks of fire darted athwart the sky; shells bursted in mid-air like the sound of thunder, while the long roll of musketry under cover of the batteries filled the woods with a terrifying roar, making a scene of appalling grandeur. It was about this time that General Stonewall Jackson, while planning to cut Hooker off from United States Ford, was, by mistake, fired upon by his own men in the darkness and mortally wounded.

Captain A. Rennolds, Company F, Fifty-seventh Virginia regiment, Confederate, thus describes his visit to the field, thirty-two years after:

"We march by the left flank along the wood a short distance, halt and front. Here is the place. It is so dark in the woods that we cannot see a man across the road. In a short while a wounded man is borne along towards the rear just behind our regiment. Several men were

holding him up, and he was trying to walk, when brave Sergeant Tom Fogg recognized him and said, 'Great God, it is General Jackson.' Then the order is given to deploy the regiment as skirmishers, and almost immediately the road was swept by such a destructive artillery fire as can only be imagined. I don't believe the like was ever known before or since. The darkness and the fire rendered it impossible to execute the movement. The men dropped on the ground, for no man could stand and live."

To my story.

This unexpected night attack threw a portion of the Eleventh corps into confusion, who rushed helter-skelter across the plain, halting within a few yards of our line. I heard a German Colonel talking to his men in an excited tone, but only those who understood German knew what he said. A drummer boy helped reform a regiment by frequently calling out:

"Thirteenth New York."

We could see the dim forms of the stampeded troops hurrying hither and thither, searching in the pale moonlight for their companies and regiments. As fast as the ranks were reformed they were marched back to their original position. We had again laid down for repose when Sergeant George Sheppard called my name and ordered me to go with the picket guards into the woods outside of the trenches. There were five of us together. We took turns at the post. While one stood guard the rest tried to sleep. When I awoke the bright rays of the rising sun filled the woods with a flood of cheerful light, while from the same direction sounded the rattle of musketry. That beautiful Sabbath day, May the 3d, 1863, was the last on earth to many a hero.

Well, our little party all wanted and

needed something to eat. We each boiled a cup of coffee and maybe eat a hardtack with some meat; I hardly remember now. But I have a clear recollection of the fact that the frequent whizz of stray cannon balls falling around us had no tendency to sharpen our appetites for breakfast.

Very soon after finishing our unenjoyable morning meal, we were called back to the rifle-pits, where I rejoined my company, who were watching the progress of the engagement which was raging fiercely. No breeze was stirring and the smoke of battle hung like a fog over the field, actually dimming the sun's rays. Riderless horses dashed out of the fray and scampered across the open field into the woods beyond; wounded men, some bareheaded and without equipments, others assisted by their comrades, were streaming to the rear. Three poor fellows passed

down our line of earthworks, all of whom had an arm shot away at the shoulder. Here comes a man with his left eye shot away, and what looks like a mass of clotted blood and brains protrude from the ghastly wound. Two of his comrades have hold of each arm, but he walks along with a firm step. How a man could live with such a mangled head I could not comprehend. Out yonder goes a youth without hat or coat, limping slowly, using his musket for a crutch. He stops at short intervals and sips a little water from his canteen. There go six stout men at a lively gait bearing on their shoulders the dead body of their Colonel. Presently three women, in company with a badly shattered regiment, walked past us on the ridge of earth thrown out of the trench. One of them paused for an instant to look back, and seeing a black cloud of smoke

rising from her burning home, sorrowfully exclaimed to her companions:

"Oh, dear! see what this war has brought upon us!"

Our attention is now directed toward the opposite side of the field, where the sound of musketry in the woods has doubled in fury. Lieutenant Wright remarked:

"Boys, such fighting as that cannot last long. One side or the other must soon give way."

At that moment a mounted Orderly came dashing across the field directly toward us. The reserve troops are needed and Carroll's brigade has been ordered in to relieve another command. We leaped out of the rifle-pits, formed in line of battle and started for the woods, meeting more wounded and passing some artillerymen

Chaplain Rev. W. C. Stocton.

lying dead under their guns, having been killed in the night attack.

Entering the thicket, we pushed cautiously forward, our guns at a "ready" to either attack or defend. Brave Chaplain Stockton followed in close behind the line, talking the while to all within hearing —talking to us as ministers preach to their church congregations. Divine service in the wilderness that Sabbath morning amidst flying bullets and shrapnel! A halt is made, when we fall on our faces to await for the final charge. The firing line is only a few rods ahead, but so dense is the thicket we can see neither friends nor foes. Chaplain Stockton laid down with us and commenced singing a hymn. One comrade cracked a joke upon another and started a faint laugh. Stockton arose to his feet to preach again. He said he wanted to say a few more words, as it

would likely be the last time he would ever speak to some of us. Just at that moment a tremendous volley of musketry from the enemy, in full force in front and on the right flank, not only suspended the preaching, but to escape capture we fled out of the woods, hotly pursued by the Rebels, whose progress was stayed by grape and canister from Frank's Battery stationed in the field a few rods from the woods. Reforming into companies we were ordered back to the rifle-pits, on the opposite side of the field.

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## Chapter VIII.

IF the writer's recollection is clear, our repulse from the woods, at about 10 o'clock that morning, practically ended the battle of Chancellorsville. Although harrassed at times afterwards by shells from the enemy's batteries, the great region of wilderness in which for three days had sounded the terrible conflict of armies, from that hour soon became still as a grave. The woods, which had been set on fire by bursting shells, were filled with smoke.

General Hooker had been stunned by a cannon ball, at the Chancellor house—his headquarters, by which misfortune General Sickles had been kept without the reinforcements he asked for, and by

overwhelming numbers of Lee's forces the Federal lines were broken and the Confederates had regained full possession of Chancellorsville. The casualties in the Twenty-fourth regiment were comparatively few. The killed, wounded and missing did not exceed forty men. Sergeant Chapman, who volunteered to carry the colors in the contemplated second assault upon Marye's Heights, was shot through the leg. Enoch Souder, while running out of the woods, knocked off his cap. He stopped to pick it up, but it cost him his life. I remember overtaking our Chaplain streaking out of the thicket in a bent posture, with one hand pressed firmly on his high-crowned hat. He and Colonel Robertson were together. Lieutenant John Springer, of Company B, and Sergeant John H. Smith, of Company D, were mortally wounded. Sergeant Her-

itage and private Henry Reeve, of Company B, were killed. Jos. Bradway, of Company C, was wounded by a shell while cooking his dinner on the picket line, after the repulse of Carroll's brigade.

Sergeant Charles Watson, of Company C, was shot through the body, the bullet entering the left breast and passing out close to the spine. The nature of the wound and the profuse flow of blood caused Watson to think that his wound would soon prove fatal, and that it was not worth while to be attended by the surgeons. But he didn't die. Watson is living today, and, serious as the wound seemed to be, he never missed a meal, and from that day to this has experienced no bodily pains.

During the afternoon our brigade moved to a point further back in the woods. On the way, we passed the Twelfth New

Jersey, the men resting from the fatigue and excitement of their first fight.

William P. Haines in his "Life Sketches" of many of the men in the Twelfth regiment makes this mention of the death of Richard Borton, who was killed on that memorable Sabbath: "After partaking of a hastily prepared breakfast the order was given to fall in, and as Borton started for his position, said, 'Every man to his position, and do his duty.' How long he continued to do his, will never be known, for he evidently was killed early in the engagement, and the regiment was driven back leaving our dead and some of the wounded on the field of battle."

While Hooker's forces were marching to positions of defense, a perfect shower of shells fell among the troops, many men breaking from the ranks and scattering in the woods in the confusion. After

the shelling I went with some comrades to a spring, in a near-by ravine, to replenish our canteens. Close to the spring we found the body of an unknown soldier, killed by one of the shells. One of the party searched his pockets, to learn his name, but found only a comb. He did not keep the comb; he would not, because forsooth! it belonged to a dead man. Before rejoining my company, I met some unknown soldiers carrying one of their comrades upon a stretcher. A bullet had entered his breast and the poor fellow was crying and moaning in great pain.

"Don't take on so, Charley; does your wound hurt you so bad?" kindly asked one of his companions.

"Oh, yes; it pains me so," said the sufferer.

I have oftentimes thought about Charley —as they called him—and wondered if he

lived to get home. The narrow road I followed was lined with men seated or lying upon the ground resting. Several were slightly wounded.

"Captain, I see you have met with a mishap," cried a voice near me.

"Yes, a slight one," was the cheerful answer of the officer addressed, who was leisurely riding his horse to the rear, with only one arm.

Further on I fell in with Sergeant George Sheppard. He looked unusually sober.

"Ben," he remarked, "Auley is dead. They say he was instantly killed."

Auley Sheppard, a brother to the Sergeant, belonged in the Twelfth New Jersey. He had often remarked to his comrades that if he knew he should see no fight while in the service he would want to go right back home. Poor fellow! His

first fight was also his last. Behind our strong earthworks it seemed impossible for the enemy to drive us from our position of defense.

While writing a letter for home on Monday afternoon, an attempt was made by the Confederates to get possession of a battery on our right, but grape and canister silenced their wild yell and put a stop to their flying bullets. In the trenches with leveled rifles, we waited several minutes for an attack on our front, but they did not advance, so we again took our ease. I resumed my letter writing, and was naming some of the killed and missing, when we were again startled by another Rebel yell and volley of musketry in the woods up at the battery. Again we seized our rifles and waited for an attack, but failing to get possession of the guns which

repulsed them a second time, there was no advance on our front.

The next day—Tuesday—Company A was ordered out to the picket line, where our position was extremely dangerous. The Confederate pickets blazed away every time they could get a shot. A few rods at my right, a bullet struck and killed a man belonging to the Eighth Ohio. He gave two long piercing screams and died right there at his post. Shortly afterward we were all driven in by a charge of Confederate skirmishers, but returned to our posts, which we held until relieved.

During a lull in the firing I sat down and while leaning against a tree, I fell into a drowsy sleep, from which I was aroused by Sergeant Sheppard.

But the battle was lost, and Hooker decided to retreat. By evening of May the 5th, the sky became clouded and soon

rain commenced falling. Late in the night we were ordered, in a whisper, to pack up quietly, and in a short time the regiment was in line silently waiting for the signal to march. At length a start was made for the river, and all night long we silently slipped and stumbled along a narrow cut roadway through an unbroken wilderness. It was broad daylight when we emerged from the woods, opposite the Ford, and, oh, what a scene! How great in contrast to the gorgeous spectacle I had gazed upon six days before at this very same spot. Then, I believe, thousands of the boys felt sanguine of accomplishing an easy victory and triumphal march to Richmond. Now, Hooker's entire army defeated and recrossing the Rappahannock. A thick mist shrouded the valley. The heavy rains had muddied the waters of the river which flowed a raging torrent. Our soiled

uniforms were spattered with mud, and the wearied troops were disheartened by the failures of the campaign. Just how many were lying dead away back behind us in the wilderness cannot be told here, but the historian says the Federal losses in that engagement, including five thousand prisoners, amounted to seventeen thousand one hundred and ninety-seven men, and the Confederates sustained a loss of twelve thousand two hundred and seventy-seven. Hooker had also lost thirteen guns and seventeen colors.

Crossing the river in safety, the regiments straggled back to their old encampments, through a drizzling rain. On the way a small party of us to our surprise and joy came to an immense stack of army bread containing over a hundred boxes. There being no guards in sight to protect it, with our bayonets we quickly pried open

several cases and filled our collapsed haversacks to their utmost capacity with the coveted hardtack. The deserted shanties were again fixed up and the usual routine of camp-life duties resumed once more.

Hooker's unsuccessful advance was of course the leading theme of discussion for days afterwards. Numbers belonging to different regiments visited each other to tell of their achievements and narrow escapes.

The last camp of the Twenty-fourth regiment in Virginia was named in honor of the Chaplain, Camp Stockton.

On Friday morning, June 12th, the regiment broke camp and marched to Falmouth, there took a train for Acquia Creek, where we boarded the steamer "John Brooks" for Washington, homeward bound.

Just at the time of our departure from the Army of the Potomac, General Lee

had commenced putting in operation his plans for the invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, and at every camp we passed along the road from Falmouth to Acquia Creek the regiments were preparing for their march to the northward, where at Gettysburg, from July 1st to the night of the 3d, was fought one of the greatest and most memorable battles during the four years of the Rebellion.

From countless homes throughout the loyal North had gone a husband, father, son or brother, to help defend his imperiled country; and following the news from the seat of war, of battles lost or won, came the sad tidings of a loved one killed in action, lying wounded in hospital or taken prisoner by the enemy, and not until the surrender of General Lee to General Grant at Appomattox, April 9th, 1865, came the dawn of peace.

Blessed Peace!

# PART SECOND.

FREDERICKSBURG.

Showing the Churches, which were used as Signal Stations by both sides, when they held the town. The Bridge shown in the illustration was constructed in 1890.

## Chapter I.

THIS was the language of Solomon of old:

"To every thing there is a season and a time to every purpose under the heaven. A time to love and a time to hate; a time of war and a time of peace."

Having endeavored to entertain the reader with a brief narration of some personal experiences during a time of bitter hate and bloodshed between the North and South, after many, many years of National peace and prosperity, to gratify a long felt desire to revisit the old camping grounds and other historic places still familiar in my memory, one morning early in the Spring of 1897, I took a train at

Philadelphia, and boarding a Southern train at Washington early in the afternoon, a pleasant and interesting ride was enjoyed along the shore of the broad and majestic Potomac. In the same seat I occupied was a handsome looking gentleman of pleasing manners, with whom I soon fell into conversation after leaving Washington.

"Are you going through to Richmond?" I asked, after a few words had been exchanged.

"My destination, sir, is Charleston, South Carolina," he pleasantly answered.

One subject after another was discussed and finally the negro. His sentiments were strongly in favor of slavery. He had always believed, he said, still believes and always shall believe that the slaves should never have had their freedom, because they are not capable of governing

themselves, and the colored people in their present free and independent condition are a hinderance to the intellectual culture and educational advancement of the white population. Washington is their Mecca, where they not only ask for but actually demand rights and privileges which should not be allowed them.

Well, I thought, here I am already in company with a Secessionist right from where Secession was born, and as radical in his opinion as those who used ball and bayonet in defense of the Southern cause away back in the sixties.

It was half-past five o'clock when the train bowled slowly over the long bridge spanning the Rappahannock, and bidding my sociable fellow passenger good-bye, I alighted from the car and was once more in the historic city of Fredericksburg. All alone and among entire strangers, I started

up Main street—the very same avenue in which General Kimball's brigade formed in line of battle,after crossing the river on the pontoon bridge from Stafford Height the morning after the bombardment, thirty-four years ago. Then the avenue was filled with armed men; now I beheld a scene of peaceful, busy industry.

Partaking of an early breakfast the following morning, I tramped up the river road to Falmouth bridge, from which I gazed for awhile upon the noisy waters dashing over the jagged rocks far below me, then crossed on over to the village, through it and out among the pine-fringed hills, to find if possible the camping grounds of General Kimball's brigade during the Winter of 1862–3. After a fatiguing walk I sat down to rest upon the very spot where the Twenty-fourth New

Jersey regiment in old Camp Knight wintered with the Army of the Potomac. Here, all alone with my thoughts, I was deeply impressed by the great contrast between the solitude of the now deserted timbered hills and the exciting scenes and incidents of camp life when all the region around about me was a city of tents—the abode of the Boys in Blue.

Boys, did I call them? Yes; looking in memory from a period of life in the fifties—back to the days when the great majority of the Union volunteers were just in their twenties,—were we not in age only sturdy boys wearing the army blue?

Look where I will I see no campfires or soldiers now, I hear no comrade's voice, hear no sound save the ring of some Virginia woodman's axe away back in the forest. Meditating there alone upon the site of a long-ago vanished tented city,

there comes to my mind many an interesting camp scene, and to remembrance many of my company comrades and regimental officers who have passed away from this world of change.

I thought of my kind hearted tent mate, Isaac Sheets. There was Jim Glass, the story teller of the regiment; Adjutant Cooper, nick-named "Big Boots," who enjoyed associating with his subordinates more than the society of his fellow officers. Every man in the regiment liked Adjutant Cooper. I thought, too, of our beloved Christian Colonel, whom everybody revered; brave Lieutenant Milton Wright, who never shirked a duty; Joe Fox the teamster, in whose great canvas covered army wagon I wrote at nights many long letters at Joe's dictation to send to his family. I thought of the morning Lieut. Hancock came to take me, against my will,

to the hospital tent. Excepting Hancock and Fox, the comrades I have named and many others of my company whom I never saw after the day the regiment disbanded at Beverly, are in their graves.

On my way back to Fredericksburg I stopped to talk awhile with the wife of the toll gatherer at the south end of the long iron bridge at Falmouth This lady was very communicative and related some very interesting incidents of war times. Pointing across the river to a big white house standing alone on the summit of a lofty hill overlooking the village, the woman said:

"My parents lived in that house over there on Falmouth Heights at the time of the war. Us children—I was only twelve years old then—were sent away, but I have heard my mother tell about it. She said the Union soldiers had some cannons over there on Falmouth Heights and they fired

Thanking the lady for her kind invitation I remarked that as my stay in that section would be very short, I could not promise to be a guest at their house that evening. So bidding her good-bye I hastened on to the city. Reaching Hanover street, which runs from the river, I turned to the right and a few minutes' walk brought me to a descent in the road back of the town, where I paused in my course to take once more in my life a general view of the "slaughter pen" or battle field of Fredericksburg, which once shook with the tramp of armies and thunderous roar of booming cannon; a field upon which thousands shed their life blood.

I am standing close to the site of the shot-torn building from which I was driven by the sharpshooters, to become a target for their well aimed rifles, that never-to-be-forgotten Sunday, the day after the

battle. Upon yonder distant hillside at my right is where I counted nearly a score of dead. Off at my left on the brow of the ascending plain I see the red brick house where many of the wounded were carried during the fight and where so many of the soldiers took refuge in front of its walls from the storm of bullets. Further in the distance, beyond a vacant lot, is the famous stone wall along the sunken road at the foot of Marye's Heights, and the mansion upon the summit around which the enemy's powerful engines of death performed their terrible work.

Reaching the brick house I lingered there some length of time, under some sort of a fascination because of the still vivid memories I have of that historic spot.

Now on to the stone wall and into the sunken road, which the enemy so effectually held during the engagement against

Brick House on the Battle-Field.

the repeated assaults of the Union forces. All that long line of wall is torn away excepting a short stretch directly opposite the brick house and extending out to Hanover street. I leaned against this stone fence and sighted over it across the lot to the brick house, where in memory I saw the Boys in Blue lying thick along the firing line and reinforcements coming up to the front. While standing alongside of the wall and imagining the road full of Rebels pointing their muskets over the stone fence and shooting down the exposed Federals, great was my surprise to meet there and then a Johnny Reb; yes, one of the very men who fought in that battle with Lee's forces. I found it out by telling him I was with Burnside's army in the disastrous assault upon Marye's Heights, and had come to visit the place. We related to each other a bit of our experience.

His name is Thomas F. Proctor. He was a member of Company A, Thirtieth Virginia regiment, in Pickett's division, Longstreet's corps. His regiment was disbanded at Appomattox, April 9, 1865.

"This road," Mr. Proctor said, "was held by the Third Georgia regiment. Down yonder you will find a memorial tablet where General Cobb was killed. Probably I can tell you something about him you do not know. The General was born at Fredericksburg, but his parents removed to Georgia when he was but six years of age. It is a singular fact that in the yard of his old home on Federal Hill was stationed the battery which fired the fatal shot."

My interesting informant said he must hasten on to his home in the town, remarking as he bid me good-bye that they had lost their all in the struggle, but intended

SUNKEN ROAD AND STONE WALL,

At the foot of Marye's Heights, showing the Stephens' House, where General Cobb was killed. From a recent photograph.

to go on and make the best of life. He had been at work he said in the National Cemetery.

Again alone with my thoughts, I mentally exclaimed: How strange! After all these intervening years I have come upon this great battle field to meet in friendly converse a Confederate soldier, where once we each other faced and shot to kill. And how strange, too, that man is helping to preserve and keep green the graves of those whose lives he helped destroy.

Continuing my walk down the sunken road I came to a small granite monument or memorial stone, at the side of the highway, and directly opposite an old frame building known as the Stephens' house. On the top of the smoothly polished memorial stone is this inscription:

"On this spot General Thomas R. R.

Cobb, of Georgia, was killed, December 13th, 1862."

The dwelling has undergone no alterations since the day of the battle, only age having changed its looks.

The rear end of the building, facing the town, is punctured all over with bullet holes. A group of children were playing in the back yard. To appear friendly I remarked to one of the girls that the house had been hit in a great many places at the time of the battle.

"Yes, sir," she quickly answered, in a very polite way, "would you like to look inside? Come right in here."

So saying the shed door was thrown open and I followed the merry children into a hallway leading to the front entrance near which is an inside or vestibule door. Through this hallway a cannon ball had

Entrance to the National Cemetery at Fredericksburg, Va.

passed, tearing a great hole in the paneled door which has never been repaired nor removed from its hinges. In direct range with this narrow passage is the memorial stone indicating the spot where General Cobb fell while giving orders to his command, and he was standing in the path of the heavy iron missile when it crashed through the house. Tempting sums of money have been offered for the shattered door by Confederate soldiers who fought with Cobb, but the owner of the property refuses to sell. Thomas Minor, who occupies the house, wrote me a friendly letter, after returning home, enclosing a splinter off the treasured door.

Continuing my stroll down the lonesome hedge-lined avenue, I came to the entrance to the National Cemetery at the foot of Willis Hill. Passing through the gate I find myself in a great burial ground—the

everlasting resting place of the gathered remains of thousands of heroes who answered their country's call for the preservation of the Union and died in the performance of their duty.

From where did they all come? Read the inscriptions on the low narrow stones which mark their graves: Ohio, New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut—from almost every loyal State in the Union they came.

Where did they all die? They were killed in action on the field near where their ashes repose; they were killed in action on the battle fields of Chancellorsville, Spottsylvania, Wilderness, Salem Church and other fields of conflict in Virginia; they died of wounds in the hospitals and of sickness in the regimental camps while the Army of the Potomac was

Interior View of the National Cemetery.

quartered in the Stafford Hills across the river.

How many soldier dead have been gathered within the gates of this city of graves? In a pretty little cottage within the enclosure resides the Superintendent of the Cemetery, and to him I will go for an answer. This courteous gentleman informed me that the total number of interments up to the day of my visit was fifteen thousand two hundred and eighty-nine, of which twelve thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven are unknown. Accessions to this number, he said, are yet being made from time to time.

Here lie buried among the unknown, comrades who were the associates and playmates of my youth. Ah! many a fond mother's boy, many a faithful husband and loving father who left home forever, lies here with this great, silent army in the

long, eternal sleep of death. No beat of drum, no bugle call, nor boom of cannon, will ever break their bivouac.

Even yet the ground in the city is giving up unknown dead. While writing my story some workmen engaged in laying a sewer pipe from Hanover street to Trinity rectory dug up the body of a Northern soldier. The teeth, shoes and buttons were in a fine state of preservation. The remains were buried with the great army in the Cemetery.

Mary Washington House.

The date of the construction of this building is not known, but was purchased by Mrs. Washington about the 1750.

## Chapter II.

RETURNING back to the city, I paid a visit to the home of Mary the mother of George Washington—the house where Washington spent his childhood days. It is located on an eminence in the suburbs and is kept with scrupulous care by the Historical Society, to which it belongs. This venerable structure is of course of old style architecture, and with the exception of a slight alteration inside the house remains the same today as when it was built. I stepped up into the little square portico and laid my hand upon the very same heavy old brass knocker on the same door which was used when this now historic house was the home of Mary Washington and her illustrious son to

whom was confided the destiny of a mighty nation, and where she was visited by Lafayette and other famous patriots and statesmen.

Robert C. Beale, the occupant of the premises, informed the writer that there was not a person living in the city who could tell the exact date of the construction of the house. It was once a farm residence and was purchased by Mrs. Washington about 1750.

In the course of our conversation Mr. Beale related a little incident of the war.

"During the bombardment of the city by the Federal forces," he said, "my mother took refuge in the cellar of that large house you see over at the corner of the street. Early in the evening an ambulance from a Texas regiment drove rapidly in from the Confederate camps and took her out of town. When she got into the ambu-

Mary Washington Monument. Erected in 1894.

lance the soldiers were fighting in the next street below."

Further out in the newly built part of the city stands a high granite shaft, and near it a pretty stone cottage, both of which were put up by the women of our country. The beautiful shaft stands upon the site of the old monument erected to the memory of Mary Washington, and bears in large letters this inscription:

"Erected by her Countrywomen."

The corner-stone of the first monument to Mary Washington was laid by President Andrew Jackson in 1833. It was of white marble but was never completed. The present granite shaft was unveiled by President Cleveland, May 10th, 1894, in the presence of a large gathering of visitors from all parts of the United States.

Resuming my walk, I approach the

entrance to another cemetery and pass through the high iron-barred gate. Here in this well kept enclosure with gravelled walks and ornamental trees and shrubbery lie scores and hundreds of soldiers who wore the gray—Confederate dead gathered from the same battle fields upon which fell the fifteen thousand Union dead buried over near Marye's Heights. I read a number of the inscriptions upon the tombstones and copied these two in my memorandum book:

"In memory of Capt. J. H. Massey, First Texas Regiment. Killed at Wilderness May 4th, 1864. 'Soldier rest, thy warfare o'er.'"

"Jacob Foster, Pelican Rifles, Third Louisiana Volunteers; fell at the Battle of Chancellorsville, May 3d, 1863; aged 24 years. Faithful unto death."

During my rambles about the city I

stopped to talk awhile with a tall, gray-bearded Virginian standing in front of his corner grocery. He served in the Rebel army four years, he said, and at the time of the great battle there he was with Gen. Pickett's division down at Franklin Crossing. He gave a detailed account of the hard fighting at that point. Here the Yankees were slaughtered in great numbers and driven back. Other Confederate veterans with whom I conversed talked with as much interest about their military achievements while fighting for the Lost Cause as the yet surviving Union defenders love to tell of their marches and battles and victories won. The South will always revere in memory these heroic deeds of their army leaders whose names will continue to be told in story and song. A contributor to one of the papers published in that city thus describes in verse

## WHERE STONEWALL JACKSON FELL.

Where Rappahannock rolls along
  The field he fought so well,
A simple granite marks the spot
  Where Stonewall Jackson fell.

Where sighing pines and murmuring elms
  Their mutual sorrows tell,
The birds sing dirges o'er the spot
  Where Stonewall Jackson fell.

The birds and trees are sounding still
  A nation's funeral knell,
For all our hopes were buried there
  When Stonewall Jackson fell.

Now for a look along the river front. I am standing where Hanover street slopes down to the water's edge, at the identical place where we entered the city after crossing the pontoon bridge, the morning following the bombardment. Many of the old buildings bordering the river remain the same and look just as they did during the war. It was behind and in these old

structures Barkesdale's sharpshooters secreted themselves to harass the pontoon corps while laying the bridge.

Over yonder across the river I see the narrow, deep ravine down which we hurriedly marched to the bridge. The ravine is so full of tall, slender trees now that an army could not pass through it in military order. Back up on the high plateau, partly obscured by the dense growth of trees which cover the precipitous banks, stands the famous Lacy house, which is still in a good state of preservation, and said to nearly equal in beauty either Mount Vernon or Arlington. It has a frontage of two hundred feet and is built of brick brought from England. It was often visited by George Washington. It was here where General Burnside had his headquarters and where Lincoln sojourned when he reviewed the Army of the Poto-

mac. The relieved picket guards often collected there in the mornings. I have spent many an hour with the idle picket squads lounging in the large naked halls of this historic mansion while waiting for the officers to conduct us back to camp.

Down along yon river shore below the ravine is where in uniform and armor with fixed bayonet I paced my lonesome beat through many a long winter night, staring into the thick darkness toward the opposite shore, seeing nothing but the flickering blaze of the enemy's picket fires, hearing nothing but the continual low murmur of the dark flowing waters. Oh, what memories the scene recalls!

While musing upon the past I see a short puny old man, shabbily dressed, coming up from the river lugging a big willow limb almost as big as himself. I accost him:

"Good afternoon, my friend; you are gathering fire-wood I see."

"Yes, sir," he answered, "my wife is poorly; the weather is too cold to be without a fire, so I must gather some wood."

The old man's appearance told me at once that he was one of the war-time residents.

"Do you live near by?" I asked, as he turned into the River road.

"Yes, sir, just past the Hancock house up thar."

"I was here during the rebellion," I remarked, "and have come down to look around the city. I will walk up the street with you." And we talked as we walked along together. Then I asked:

"Did you stay in your home while Burnside's soldiers were shelling the town?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "some of our

people went away, but a great many could not get out, so they had to stay and take it."

We stopped in front of a very plain looking dwelling called the Hancock house —named in honor of Mrs. Hancock, the present occupant, who at the time of the battle opened her house for a hospital and assisted in caring for the wounded soldiers taken there. The house was riddled with bullets during the bombardment, but about two years ago new weather-boards supplanted the old ones, which were stacked against the back end of the building. By permission of Mrs. Hancock my obliging friend, who said his name was William Briant, kindly procured a saw and cut off for me as a relic a ball-pierced bit of the battle-scarred boards.

At the invitation of Wm. Briant I accompanied him to his old cabin home. And

what a home! Constructed of heavy hewn logs, the weather-beaten structure looks as though it had withstood the ravages of time for centuries. In an old school history of the United States we are told that Captain John Smith, known as the Father of Virginia, in 1608 made an excursion up the Rappahannock and had a skirmish with the Mannahoacks, a tribe of Indians.

If Wm. Briant had told me his old log house was the headquarters of Captain Smith back in the seventeenth century his word would not have been denied.

But be it as it may, there is not an older wooden habitation in all the city than the home of old man Briant. The gable end facing the river is patched with pieces of tin where bullets have entered through the chinks, and a big patch in the centre covers a hole made by a cannon ball. It made a

right good fort for the Rebel sharpshooters while firing at the bridge builders.

"Walk right in, friend," said the old man as he led the way, and I was ushered into the only room in the house. A bed, two chairs and a table comprised the furniture; the uncarpeted floor and white-washed walls adorned with a few newspaper illustrations harmonized with the exterior surroundings. At the big fireplace, with bandaged head sat Mrs. Briant, who insisted that I should sit closer to the fire upon which William had laid some broken sticks from the limb and was blazing nicely.

"Now my friend," remarked Briant, "I want you to look at this floor. Do you see them dark spots all about here on these here boards? Well, they are blood stains. In here was carried some of the wounded soldiers and some of 'em was took out

dead. These spots you see is where the blood ran from their wounds."

Those indelible blood stains of that terrible slaughter will remain on the floor of that cabin as long as it endures.

Placing a silver coin in the old man's hand and thanking him for his favors in my behalf I bid the couple good-bye and departed.

In a few of the stores, relics of the war are exhibited. Anthony Buck, on Commerce street, showed me a very extensive and interesting collection, which he takes great pleasure in showing to visitors. Broken muskets, bayonets, swords, rust-corroded cannon balls and shells picked up on the different fighting grounds in Virginia comprise the chief bulk of his mementoes.

Opening a pasteboard box, he exposed to my view a gruesome relic which a laborer

had dug up while working along the river a few weeks before my visit: A tarnished U. S. belt plate, metal knapsack fastenings and pieces of leather belt, together with the lower jaw and fragments of the skull of the unfortunate soldier by whom the armor had been worn.

Mr. Buck remarked that he had four brothers who went through the whole war and came out all right.

While passing the home of a bright looking boy just returned from school, noticing I was a stranger there, asked me to buy some bullets. Running into the house he quickly returned with a cigar box containing his collection. But I coveted only one of his relics—two bullets which had been fired simultaneously in opposite directions had met in the limb of a tree and welded together. The father of the lad made the interesting find while chop-

ping up a tree down at the river. I offered a tempting sum for the curiosity, but the lad refused to sell.

The oldest portion of Fredericksburg wears the same appearance as when it was the theatre of war; but on the broad plateau beyond the Washington monument, and on the old battle ground, many new and pretty residences have been built and before many years the sunken road with its short remnant of stone wall and the red brick house will be the only landmarks to indicate the firing lines of the contending armies.

As I walked leisurely over that historic ground I saw young ladies riding their bicycles and boys engaged in games of marble, on the newly laid out streets and sidewalks, where scores and hundreds of brave men had fallen and died that the Union might live.

In and around the growing city of Fredericksburg was centered much of the wealth and aristocracy of the South, and it is claimed by those most conversant with history to be "the most historic spot of the most historic State in the Union. Washington, Monroe, Jefferson, Madison and Lee were born almost within sight of its church spires, and were from the section of the country in which that city is and the most important encounters between the great armies occurred.

"The battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House and adjacent battle grounds present a war record unparalleled in tragic horrors. The actual compass of the four battle fields shown on the military map was only about six thousand five hundred acres, and yet upon that small area, from every State North and South, nearly five

hundred thousand men were at different times engaged in a struggle that deluged this historic spot with blood, and probably one hundred and fifty thousand men were killed, wounded and missing in these memorable conflicts."

The Grand Army of the Republic favors the proposition of having the Government establish in that section a great National Battlefields Park, which shall be a memorial for all time.

While the leading residents of Fredericksburg have worked faithfully in the matter, chief credit must be given to Gen. Edgar Allan, of Richmond, whose well deserved popularity in the Grand Army has carried the project by formidable obstacles. In this movement he was ably assisted by Col. Gholes, of Georgia, Col. Taintor, of Connecticut, and Gen. Ballou, of Rhode Island.

On Lincoln's birthday, Feb. 12th, 1898, an Association was chartered, and organized at Fredericksburg Feb. 22d, 1898, the birthday of George Washington. A memorial was adopted by the Legislature of Virginia and signed by Governor Tyler —on Lincoln's birthday, petitioning the Congress of the United States to establish the proposed Battlefields Park, and connect these historic grounds by proper drive-ways, and thus preserve and safeguard, says the memorialist, "the great arena upon which these memorable battles were fought with a courage and fidelity on both sides unsurpassed in the history of the world."

"The dauntless valor of the men who were engaged on both sides in these dread conflicts should be perpetuated and made more glorious by keeping forever sacred the soil upon which they sacrificed their

lives; thus, too, enabling the citizens of the Union to better realize the comprehensive truth uttered by the distinguished martyred President of the United States on the field of Gettysburg, when he said: 'That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation under God have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.'

"If soldiers ever deserved the honor and memorial of a Battlefield Park, where their deeds of valor and duty can be forever studied and understood, the immortal territory upon which history has placed its everlasting and endearing hand, should be owned by the Union and kept sacred for its own sake, and for the sake of its young men whose honor and courage are its mighty bulwarks against danger and wrong."

In evidence of the fraternal feeling existing today between the soldier North and soldier South, the "Fredericksburg Star," a well edited and progressive journal, thus comments upon the work accomplished by the Boys in Blue:

"We cherish as much as any one the memories of Southern valor and heroism, but we appreciate that they are nothing but memories and not realities; they are splendid examples to incite, but have nothing to do with the business realities of the present. The members of the Grand Army of the Republic have a right to rejoice over their work. They fought the fight and won it. There isn't any reason why we of the South should have any ill feeling over their rejoicing. We are the beneficiaries of their work. This is our country—we have the same flag, we should fight to defend it.

We should be proud of the heroism of the Yankee, for his fame is ours. The country he saved from division, is ours. We are profiting by its greatness as no

people in all history ever profited before. We don't want the dead Confederacy resurrected. We are glad it didn't live, because we do not think it would have been advantageous to us. Whenever we look upon those Grand Army people, we feel rather grateful that they made possible the present condition of affairs that is enuring so largely to the benefit of the South."

Right here my story ends. Having accomplished my long desired pilgrimage to the venerable spot where were enacted the memorable events in the years long gone by, before taking my departure from that historic City of Peace, to the reader who has patiently followed me to the close, I bid adieu.

# MUSTER ROLL
## OF THE
# Twenty-fourth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers.

**Copied from the Official Military Records.**

William B. Robertson, *Colonel.*
Franklin L. Knight, *Lieut. Col.*
Joel A. Fithian, *Major.*
Thomas F. G. Cooper, *Adjutant.*
Samuel R. Fithian, *Qr. M.*
William L. Newell, *Surgeon.*
Alban Williams, *Asst. Surg.*
Thomas G. Rowand, *Asst. Surg.*
William C. Stockton, *Chaplain.*

## COMPANY A.

Howard Bassett, *Captain,*
W. N. Hancock, *2d Lieut.*
John G. Holme, *1st. Serg.*
Samuel D. Smith, "
George B. Grier, "
J. Allen Ware, *Corporal.*
C. Edwin Bassett, "
John Chapmen, "
William S. Layton "
Milton Wright, *1st. Lieut.*
W. B. Thompson, *Lieut.*
G. W. Sheppard, *Serg.*
J. L. Summerill "
C. M Bishing, *Corporal.*
Samuel Mills, "
James H. Glass, "
R. J. Summerill, "

## PRIVATES.

James Ale,
Chas. E. Baker,
Charles Banks,
Benjamin Bell,
Morris Bennett,
Benjamin Borton,
Enos Ayres.
Clement Ballinger,
Moses R. Banks,
Isaiah Bell,
John H. Boone,
John Brayerton,

Gideon P. Butler
Harrison W. Davis,
Wesley B. Dickinson,
Jonathan H. Dunn,
James G. Fisher,
Joseph Fox,
Bernard Gaffney,
William T. Groscup,
Chas. E. Headley,
Francis Jaquett,
Michael Kates,
Josiah Magill,
Stacy F. Moore,
Robert R. Noble,
Joseph S. Peachy,
Isaac Ridgway,
John K. Seagraves,
Isaac Sheets,
Dayton P. Simpkins,
Benjamin P. Smith,
James Stanton,
Jonathan E. Stiles,
Daniel Taylor,
Joseph Thompsen,
Ephraim Tomkins,
George P. Walker,
David Williamson,
James Zanes,
Henry B. Ayres,
Thomas P. Lewis,
Thomas J. Seeley,
Benjamin T. Willis,
William Fisher,
Powel Jaquett,
John W. Peachy,
Richard Carl,
Stewart Dare,
Henry Donaldson,
Richard Emerson,
John H. Fogg,
Mathias B. Friant,
Robert F. Groscup,
Daniel F. Hancock,
Lorenzo Hoffman,
Thomas Jones,
Edward H. Keen,
Fenwick Merron,
David S. Nixon,
Abner Patrick,
Daniel C. Petersen,
William F. Ripley,
Jonathan Sharp,
William M. Sheppard,
Elmer Simpkins,
Stephen Smith,
David F. Starts,
Edward Stretch,
Samuel J. Thomas,
Joshua P. Thompson,
Calvin G Turner,
Samuel Watson,
Joseph L. Wright,
J. F. Smith, Corporal,
Ephraim H. Friant,
Jacob Nixon,
Robert B. Sellers,
Levi Kelly, Corporal,
James J. Jaquett,
George Loper,
Jonathan J. Simpkins.

## COMPANY B.

G. E. Dunlap, Captain,
B. Reed Brown 1st Lieut.
H. S. Spaulding, 1st Serg.
W. H. Mills, Sergeant,
Francis Hankins, "
R. W. Van Sant, Corporal,
Jacob B. Kates, "
W. D. Jackson, "
Enoch Liard. "
Joshua Corson, "
I. E. Johnson, Musician.

James Smith, Captain,
John Springer, 2nd Lieut.
Hiram B Shaw, 1st Serg.
G. R. Heritage, Sergeant.
T. S. Simmons, "
George Madden, Corporal.
Joseph Gerard, "
Franklin Appleby, "
Jabez Coholes, "
H. H. Mayhew, Musician,

### PRIVATES.

Alexander Anderson,
Francis L. Batchelor,
Frederick Bline,
Jacob F. Cake,
William J. Carlisle,
Benjamin Cossaboom,
David Crawford,
Oscar B. Eastlack,
Jesse Ford,
John Gillilard,
George F. Headley,
John Hess,
James Hindley,
Joseph E. James,
John Matlicks,
Geo. W. Messeck,
William W. Robinson,
William C. Shaw,
Calvin J. McMahon
Job Sheppard,
Jeremiah B. Shull,

Samuel F. Biard,
Isaac H. Beakley,
John H. Boody,
Joseph Camp,
John W. Cawman,
Jesse Cossaboom,
Isaac W. Downs,
Rudolph Edwards,
Thomas H. Gifford,
Nicholas Grinder,
Job Hess,
Samuel Hess,
William F. Hogbin,
Samuel Maines,
John McGill,
John S. Orr,
John R. Sapp,
Isaac S. Sheldon,
John Sheppard,
John W. Simmons,
David D. Stites,

Lewis S. Sockwell,
Samuel Stockely,
John G. Stout,
Dan Thompson,
John Webb,
Lemuel G. Welch,
William Young,
Edward C. Champion,
John Garrison, Jr.,
Samuel Kearns,
A. L. Singers,
Zingles Van Hook,
Loren Russ, Corporal,
George Donnelly,
Samuel H. Jones,
Ezekiel Simmons,
Benajah Thompson,
John Stout,
Thomas C. Stout,
Andrew H. Tomlin,
William Weiser,
Levi Wilson,
G. B. Langley, 1st Serg.
Allen S. Garrison,
John M. Henderson,
Harvy T. Shaw,
Edward Spence,
John Rounds, Sergeant,
Henry Alder,
James Gibson,
Henry Reeves,
Ansen Thompson,
William Tinker,
Benjamin F. Vannaman.

## COMPANY C.

J. T. Garwood, Captain.
J. E. Moore, Lieut.
W. A. Miller, Sergeant,
Chas. Watson, "
Henry N. Mulford, "
E. Wheaton, Corporal,
W. L. Williams, "
W. L. Lippincott, "
J Bilderback, "
T. P. Simpkins Captain,
W. B Willis, Lieut.
C. Johnson, Sergeant,
Thomas Mapes, "
A. P. Moore, Corporal,
Abraham Proud, "
J. S. Bradway, "
Daniel S. Walker, "
P. Pierce, Musician.

## PRIVATES.

William B. Bacon,
George W. Beckett,
Chas. H Bradway,
Thomas L. Brown,
John S. Burch,
John F Baker,
George W. Boultinghouse
Aaron Brandiff,
James Buck, Jr.,
Robert F. Campbell,

George H. Casperson,
Alfred J. Cheeseman,
John H. Collins,
Edward S. Davis,
Hudson Davis,
George Eldridge,
Thomas Evans, Jr.,
William F. Harris,
Jesse S. Keeper,
Richard Marshall,
Richard McPherson,
John Miller, Jr.
John R. Nickerson,
Samuel K. Reed,
Maskell E. Robinson,
Edward J. Simms,
George Simpkins,
Smith Simpkins,
William Souder,
Samuel Stiner,
Richard Sutton,
James C. Turpoin,
Jonathan Vincent,
William Yapp,
Charles Hannah,
John R. Loveland,
William S. Palmer,
Samuel P. Shimp,
William H. Wheaton,
Thomas Bowen,
William J. Dilks,
Simon Paydon,
John Sanderlin, Jr.,
Samuel R. Stratten,
Thomas C. Johnson,
Joseph Champion,
Charles P. Cole,
Robert M. Conover,
John N. Davis,
Richard Doody,
William Emmel,
David Fisher,
James H. Jones,
Joseph Lummis,
William McNichols,
John Miller,
Aaron Nickerson,
Stephen H. Park,
Edgar Reed,
Charles B. Roork,
David Simpkins,
John W. Simpkins,
Jonathan E. Smith,
Steward Spears,
Auley Sutton,
Robert Terry,
Richard W. Vannerman,
Adam Wentzell,
S. P Thompson, Sergeant.
Abner D. Hymer,
Richard Miller,
Joel Pedrick,
John Smith,
Thomas Bates,
Benjamin T. Collins,
Benjamin Hewitt, Jr.
William Peacock,
Noah Sheppard,
Hugh White.

## COMPANY D.

Aaron Ward, Captain,
G. D. Britton, 2d Lieut.
F. T. Homan, Sergeant,
Cooper Wiltsey, "
G. H. Lawson, "
William Carney, Corporal,
T N. Simmerman, "
G. C. Rohberg, "
Alphonzo T. Chew "
D. W. Bartine, 1st Lieut.
S. H. Deal, Lieut.
J. D. Bates, Sergeant,
John Thornton, "
Benjamin Dilks, Corporal
N. R. Hammond, "
John Sinclair, "
Samuel E. Clark, "

### PRIVATES.

James C. Abbott,
Theodore Allen,
Hiram D. Beckett,
John Bischof,
Abraham Camp,
William H. Chew,
Frederick Denelsbeck,
Jacob Giffins,
Adolph Goetz,
Chas P. Gunning,
Thomas R. Hammond,
Adolph Heller,
John M. Holston,
Abraham Jones,
Leonard Knorr,
Samuel Ledden,
William Mason,
John McCarty,
John Prasch,
John Reckelcomb,
Ferdinand Saxe,
Sylvester Sharp,
John Simpkins,
William Abbott,
John C. Atkinson,
Andrew W. Berry,
Jonathan Brown,
William H. Carr,
Charles H. Clifford,
William H Fowler,
William Giffins,
James Grice,
William Haines,
Samuel Haywood,
Benjamin Hoffman,
Hiram Hufsey,
Jesse King,
Charles W. Leary,
Samuel Longstreth,
Henry Maschinskey,
Alexander Murray,
George Reckelcomb,
Sheppard Rosell,
Abraham L. Sharp,
John Simpkins,
Benjamin F. Turner,

Isaac M. Turner,
John R Walters,
John F. Wolf,
S. H. Morton, Corporal,
Charles Dilks,
Antonio Fiebiger,
Martin V. Haines,
George Solzgober,
J. H. Smith, Sergeant,
Charles H. Davis,
Dana L. Dunbar,
Jonas T. Jackson,
Samuel Taylor,
Theodore F. Worth,
George W. Peterson,
R. S. Lutz, Musician,
James Turner,
Uriah Wilson,
William J Wolf,
Kennard S. Bachelder,
Charles Erricksen,
Aaron C. Fowler,
Daniel Murphy,
James Stevenson,
C. W. Strong, Corporal,
Henry B. Dickinson,
Jonathan R. Henry,
George McClernon,
Robert W. Turner,
John Lee,
Andrew Welsh,
Mathias M. Chew.

## COMPANY E.

Augustus Sailer, Captain, E. C. Cattell, 1st Lieut.
C. W. Wilkins, 2d Lieut. W. N. Hewitt, Sergeant,
G. W. Bailey, Sergeant, H. C. England, "
Nathan Paul, " Isaac J. Cougill, "
W. T. Cozens, Corporal, Isaac L Fowler, Corporal,
R. W. Hughes, " C. R. Tomlin, "
C. W. Clement, " B. F. Stetser, "
John L. Huff "

## PRIVATES

Harrison T. Adams,
Charles H Bacan,
George W. Cattell,
Hanson S. Cooper,
Coleman Curren,
Richard D. Davis,
Andrew Eisile,
William E. Atkinson,
John H. Boody,
Edward H. Cooper,
Chas Cougill,
George Y. Davis,
William H. Dilks,
John Gallagher,

Charles O. Garrison,
Chester Green,
Edward P. Hall,
Amariah Hollis,
James H. Hughes,
John Keller,
Samuel L. Murphy,
Lawrence R Nuss,
Samuel Paul,
William Rambo,
William Randless,
William S. Richardson,
Jeremiah J. Snethen,
Charles W. Stevens,
Edward Tallman,
William T. Thompson,
John W. Tonkin,
William T. Turpin,
James H. Vanneman,
Chas Weiley,
William M. Wollard,
John T. Wood,
J. B. Simmons, Corporal,
J. W. Gaskill, "
Enos W. Bates,
John L. Jordan,
John Mapes,
Benjamin F. Murray,
William D. Sheets,
George W. Warner,
Charles Farr, Corporal,
Joseph T Bates,
William C. Huff,
Alexander J. Parker
Joseph C. Williams,
William Gold,
Daniel S. Groff,
John W. Hannold.
Charles Hood,
John H. Ireland,
Barclay D. Kelley,
Frederick P. Neil,
George Owens,
William Petit,
Henry Ramsey,
John Reed,
Edward Russell,
David H. Sparks,
Joseph T. String,
Rufus C. Thompson,
Joseph W. Tomlin,
John E. Touser,
William B. Tussey,
Charles S. Warner,
Aaron Wilkins,
John Wood,
William Yarricks,
J. Sinclair, Corporal,
Joseph B. Baily,
Thomas Casperson,
Isaiah W. McGee,
Joseph W. Miller,
John W. Randless,
Martin H. Tanner,
Luke Reeves, Corporal,
G. W. Hannold "
Arthur P. Ellis,
Richard Jones,
Fithian Parker,
William C. Sparks.

## COMPANY F.

Samuel Harris, Captain,
William B. Pepper, Lieut,
J. S. Glaspey, Sergeant,
D. Garrison, "
T. F. Buck, Corporal,
Charles Haley, "
B. S. Ayres, "
D. D. Sheppard, "

Elijah Huested, Captain,
B. Hancock, Sergeant,
Isaac L. Moore, "
W. F. Demoris, Corporal,
A. Dunham, "
Joseph Shimp, "
C. N. Woodruff, "
S. Humphries, Musician,

### PRIVATES.

Jesse S. Adams,
Charles M. Alkire,
Judson Batemen,
David Bowen,
Daniel Brooks,
Charles Brown,
Thomas Campbell,
Charles R. Coulter,
Roger S. Crozier,
Joseph P. Fithian,
John Finley,
Samuel Golder, Jr.,
James Harding,
Edward R. Huested,
William M. Huested,
Joseph Jeffries,
Peter Ladow,
Aaron Leaning,
James E. Logue,
Clarence D. Mayhew,
Major McDaniels,
Jesse McKee,
Isaac McPherson,

Charles F. Ackley,
Joseph H. Applegate,
Isaiah Boody,
David M. Bowen,
David G. Brooks,
Edgar S. Brown,
Louis G. Clark,
James Craig,
Albert Davis,
Theodore A. Fehney,
Enos Glaspell,
Jeremiah Hann,
Allen N. Harris,
Francis Huested,
Henry F. Hutchenson,
Benjamin F. Ladow,
Isaac Lanning, Jr.
Edwin J. Lee,
Andrew Maynes,
Jesse B. McBride,
Daniel McHenry,
Thomas McKeun,
John N. Middleton,

John S. Miller,
William Moore.
Oswold Patchell,
George W. Peterson,
George G. Richman,
Edgar Shute,
William B. Trout,
Henry W. Warful,
Thomas C. Welden,
Timothy Woodruff,
W. F. Duffield, Corporal,
Jonathan W. Bonham,
Simon J. Garrison,
Samuel H. Jones,
John H. Orr,
Charles F. Garrison
David A. Long,
William J. Orr,
William R. Vanmeter.
Clement C. Moore,
Charles H. Newcomb,
Elihu R. Peterson,
William Reddon,
Edgar J. Riley,
Samuel P. Trout,
Henry Vogle,
Isaiah P. Warren,
John F. Wheaten,
J. Stewart, Sergeant,
William S. Ackley,
John D. Craig,
Christopher Getsinger,
John Murphy,
John L. Wilfong,
Peter German,
John McNichols,
William F. Richards,

## COMPANY G.

J. R. Hoagland, Captain,
R. B Potter, 2nd Lieut.
H. Pierson, Sergeant,
G. M. Chester, "
Thomas A. Harris, "
Jophel Hann, Corporal,
Charles McDaniels, "
Benson Smith, Musician.
C. M. Pease, 1st Lieut.
F. M. Dubois, 1st Sergeant
Jesse C. Davis, "
William F. Brown, "
John Dubois, Corporal,
Israel L. Fish, "
Dallas T. Haley, "

## PRIVATES.

William Ackley,
Thomas M. Barracliff,
Aaron R. Broadway,
David M. Carman,
Charles P Bacon,
James Boyle,
William S. Brown,
Joshua Clark,

Cabel Cobb,
Joseph Cornell,
Jeremiah A. Davis,
Samuel Gallager,
Nelson Haley,
Henry Harris,
John F. Hintz,
Isaac Hunter,
Daniel Jogger,
Samuel Joslem,
Conrad Keefer,
Levi J. Loper,
Jeremiah P. Miles,
Daniel K. Pearson,
Benjamin Rossinger,
William Seaman,
Isaac Sheppard,
Stacy Sloan.
George Steelman,
Job T. Trout,
Daniel Turner,
Sheppard Westcott,
George E. Wills,
John W. Cobb, Corporal,
William Garron, "
W. S Leach, Musician,
Ephraim Carmen,
Mathias Fox,
Alfred Harris,
David F. Randolph
Lot Bacon,
Alfred S. Cobb,
John Danelbeck,
William C. Husted,
Jacob C. Shinn.

Joseph W. Cobb,
William C. Dare,
Francis W. Gallager,
Jonathan C. Garrison,
Franklin E. Hand,
Frederick Hintz,
Charles R. Hopkins,
Lorenzo D. Hutton,
Joseph Jogger,
James Kain,
Joseph L. Kincaid,
John McConnell,
Isaac Newcomb,
Nathan Pennington, Jr.,
William H. Rowley,
Levi Sharp,
Andrew B. Shimp.
Albert Smith,
Smith Stites,
Hiram Trueland.
William H. West,
William H. White,
John Wines,
Wallace Wriggins,
R. Robinson, Corporal,
Jacob P. Cobb, "
J. W. Blezzard,
C. H. Dare,
James H. Gandy,
Henry Huster,
A. B. Jones, Corporal,
Lorenzo Bailey,
William S. Corson,
Nathan P. Gerls,
Valentine Maxner,

## COMPANY H.

Henry Neff, Captain,
J. J. Reeves, 2nd Lieut.
S. M. Carll, Sergeant,
W. B. Smith, "
B. T. Bright, Corporal,
James Ewing, "
A. McGraw, "
Jacob Ernest, "
E. R. Ayars, Musician.
A. L. Robeson, 1st. Lieut.
J. H. Schriener, Sergeant,
J. McCowan, "
D. S. Pedrick, "
D. H. Nieplin, Corporal,
C. H. Atmore, "
J. D. Claypole, "
J. B. Sellers, "

### PRIVATES.

Edward Ayars,
Samuel Ayars,
William Howard Blew,
John D. Boone,
Frederick Bowen,
Harris Brooks,
Richard H Brooks,
Ephraim E. Buck,
William Campbell,
James R. Cheeseman,
Henry C. Deemer,
David Edwards,
Jacob Elwell,
Benjamin Ford,
Jacob Garton,
James Gillen,
Henry Griner,
William G Harris,
William Ireland,
Christopher Laich,
Edward Mixner,
Allen Mulford,
Richard R. Ayars,
William M. Barnes,
William Bodine,
Darius Bowen,
Isaac H. Bowen,
Joseph C. Brooks,
William E. Brooks,
John Cake,
Samuel Carter,
Henry C. Dare,
Albert Doton,
Martin Edwards,
John S. Ernest,
Ambrose Fox,
Benjamin N. Gibson,
William B. Gilman,
Francis M. Harris,
Daniel Ireland,
John G. Keyser,
Martin Lodor,
Robert Moncrief,
Jacob Noglee,

John B. Nieukirk,
William A. Parven,
John Lenhart Rice,
William E. Schuyler,
Charles S. Sillers,
John Sheppard,
Stephen Shimp,
Enos D. Simpkins,
James L. Stites,
Charles S. Wallen,
George Woodruff,
Thomas Bodine,
George Cawman,
Robert F. Huntsinger,
Joseph L. Mulford,
Abram Woodruff,
Charles Dayton,
David McGear,
Richard H. Rittig,
J. M. Elwell, Corporal,
Solomon Overdorf,
Charles Quicksall,
William Riley,
Francis Seamen,
Elmer Sheppard,
Thomas W. Sheppard,
Edward B. Simpkins,
William Smith,
Jehu Turney,
George H. Wipple,
William H. Woodruff,
William Bowers,
William S. Conklin.
Reuben Marryott,
James Norton,
George W. Burch,
Edward R. Gillman,
Alexander Riggan,
W. B. Elmer, Corporal,
George Fox, "

## COMPANY I.

W. C Shinn, Captain,
J. S. Woodward, 1st Lieut.
C. H. Shinn, Sergeant,
William W. Eisele, "
R. C. Parvin, Corporal,
R. Shoemaker, "
N. O. Gandy, "
D. Williams, Musician,
J. O. Crowell, 1st Lieut.
C F. Fackler, Sergeant,
Joseph D. Wilson, '
Thomas Low, "
C. H. McAnney, Corporal,
G. J. Broadwater, "
E L. Crowell, "
D. Osbourn, Musician.

## PRIVATES.

John W. Adams,
Isaac Collins Baker,
Samuel A. Bates,
Levi H. Atkinson,
Miles Bates,
Harvey Beach,

John S. Beckett,
James Biggs,
John H. Brockington,
William Chew, Jr.,
Adrian Clunn,
George Conly,
Robert Dean,
John Fetters,
William Fowler,
John Garet,
Henry Goldenberg,
William E. Hagerman,
Henry H. Hughes,
Isaac P Johnson,
Conrad Krautz,
Richard B Lippincott,
John Maskall,
Paulen Nelson
Leuham H. Parkhurst,
John Ridgway,
George C. Saul,
Charles Scott,
Israel Stiles,
Levi B. Tice,
Charles Trapper,
Isaac T. Vanneman,
Jacob Weiss,
Eli Wilson,
Joseph H. Button,
Jacob T. Fish,
George Parks,
Elijah Porch,
Christian L Sharp,
Philip G. Simpkins,
Howard Beebe,
Hendersen S. Biggs,
Henry Brill,
John R. Burroughs,
Ambrose P. Clark,
Joseph C. Comer,
Eli Craig,
John W. Downs,
John Alexander Fish,
William L. Galbraith,
Thomas Gibbs,
John George Grammel,
Joseph D. Hendrickson,
William Jagers,
James C. Jones,
Samuel Lindsay,
Levi B. Marshall,
Charles Miller,
Joshua P. Parker,
John M Plum,
David Rile,
John W. Saul,
Peter F. Shivers,
George J. Stewart,
Samuel S. Tomlinson,
Charles E. Tule,
John F. Walker,
Samuel P. Westcott,
J. M. Nelson, Corporal,
George Clark,
Oliver Ogden,
William B. Parks,
Ephraim C. Richman,
Thomas E. Sharp,
Joseph R. Westcoat.
Lawrence E Cake,

William H. Chamberlain, L. M. Daniels,
Nicholas S. Derringer, Elvy Simpkins,
Abram C. Dilks, Nathan Comer,
J. McClernand, Corporal, E. M. Kirk, Sergeant.

## COMPANY K.

John S. Locke, Captain, Daniel Brown, Lieut.
J. P. Butler, Lieut, S. M. Denny Sergeant,
H. D. Groft, Sergeant, C. Vanderslice, "
E. Darlington, " J. G. Murphy, "
J. R. Elkinton, " J. F. Paulsen, "
James B. Given Corporal, W. S Hutchinson, Corp
Joseph Pancoast, " Holmes Walling, "
L. P. Hendrickson, " Thomas R. Dyer,
Eli P. Bliss, " John C. Shivler,
W. H. Stephens, " D. Simpkins, Musician,
G. Piel, Jr., Musician.

## PRIVATES.

John Anderson, William Anderson,
G. S. Barnett, Isaac P. Beach,
John Biddle, Aaron H Biddle,
William F. Borden, William Catling,
Joseph Cheeseman, George Cook,
James F. Dalbow, Samuel E. Dalbow,
Edward G. Dougherty, Wesley Elliott,
James Ferrell, John Giblin,
John Gray, Mark H. Guest,
William Guest, James W. Harker,
L. D. Harvy, Benjamin Headley,
Jesse Holton, Samuel A. Holton,
Andrew P. Hughes, Allen Hunter,
James Hutchinson, Adam Jess,
David Jess, Jacob G. Johnson,
William Jordan, Clark Kates,

Patrick Kenney,
George H. McCullough,
James Moore,
Charles Munion,
Daniel Myres,
Clarkson Ogden,
Ezra H. Peterson,
Burroughs Poulson,
David S. Shimp,
Francis H. Shults,
Ezekiel Simpkins,
Shadrack Sparks,
Nathan C. Taylor,
Nicholas Vansant,
John Walling,
John E. Wilson,
Jacob Hughes,
Baker D. Tomlin,
James Kady,
Benjamin Stiles,
John S. Loyd,
John Metz,
John Moore,
Henry M. Munion,
Joseph P. Myres,
George Patten, Jr.,
George W. Pile, Sr.,
William A. Sack,
Garrison Shute,
Joseph K. Shults,
Isaac P. Simpkins,
John Stiles,
James D. Torton,
Charles Walling,
John P. Wiley,
William Holton,
James F. Layton,
William F. Cullin,
Daniel S. Owen,
William Walker.

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23 55
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